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What God is he writes laws of peace and clothes him in a tempest
What piteous Angel lusts for tears and fans himself with sighs
What crawling villain preaches abstinence and wraps
himself in fat of lambs

No more I follow No more obedience pay

LETTERS

Dear WFP,

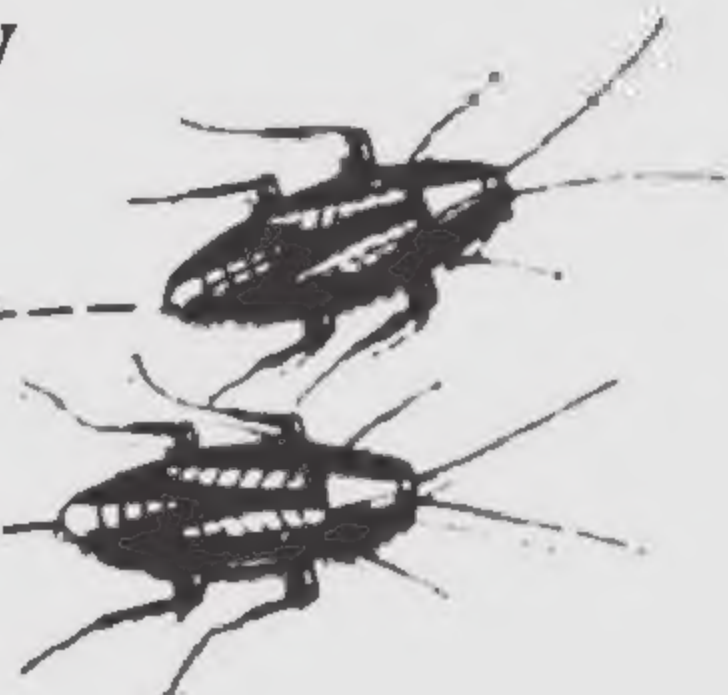
As an instance of the repression of those who make and carry out our Cold-War policy directives. I would like to cite an incident, a small example that occurred while I was a freshman in high school.

On a class outing to the DMZ at Pammonjon, a friend of mine, in a friendly mood, walked over to a car with two North Korean officers and asked for a light. One of the officers smiled in an embarrassed way and lit his cigarette.

Two American MP's then walked up, and led my friend away. They turned him over to our school principle; had he been an adult he probably would have been arrested. He was suspended from school; furthermore, our school was never permitted another field trip to the DMZ, as punishment for recognizing that a communist existed as a human being.

Thank you,
Lee Hutchison
American University

BUG OUT!



To the Editor:

Re: Will Inman and his "Black Power". Yes, white Will, tell everyone about it, "... talking out of both sides of (your) mouth..." Tell it like it is, from your vantage point up on Massachusetts Avenue, along with Stokely from his upper Northwest "bungalow", all about poverty and negritude. If yours "... is a woodthrush soul...", then stick to writing pastorals.

Michael Holden

Dear Friends,

This is an open letter to any of your readers who are members of the American Playground and who attended the Baltimore Free Be-In on Sunday, June 23.

Your having brought politics to this event may have serious consequences for The People in Baltimore. Although sponsored by our Inter-Faith Peace Mission, the Be-In was to have been non-political. Gary Florian, the chief moving spirit, is clearly quoted to this effect in the surprisingly objective article in the June 24 edition of the Baltimore Morning Sun. The same article mentions that a seventh band did not contribute its talents to the performing six due to the Event's nominal association with the Peace Mission, and that "the bands stood to the political right of Mr. Florian". By associating politics with the Be-In, your skits may preclude the services of any band at future Events.

The most serious possible result of your activities was the disruption of spirit among the Celebrants in general. The Movement is in embryo here, and the Be-In was the first mass gathering of its kind in the city's history. Thus, it assumed special importance: it was to have unified and confirmed the spirit of The People, who span the political spectrum. It was to have been a celebration - one of what we all have in common: God's good sunshine and good earth, the chance simply to have a good time free from the hang-ups of money and dishonesty and the worries which already occupy too much of our too-short lives, free from the hang-ups of having to put up with anybody's prejudices and dogma and wholesale reactionism, be they from left, right, or center. And it was to have been a Free Be-In in yet another sense, free with the freedom to exult without reservation in our common Humanity, to share and talk in total freedom with total strangers. In short, we were attempting our first steps in the direction of universal love and tolerance, the ultimate hopes of a mankind stuck with a 20th century technology (and thus power to kill) and a Stone Age spiritual evolution. With

our development in its current nascent state, we needed an atmosphere free from the dogmatism and spiritual violence that has come to typify New Left politics. I pray that your introduction of these elements doesn't retard our development towards unity and total benevolence for too long.

Although perhaps picayune, a third possibility must be considered, which derives from the fact that most of the

Cont'd. page 8



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*HEAD NOTE:
Near's Genes O.K.!

HIP HEALTH

The long awaited indoor playground, counseling center, and health clinic for hippies and other disaffected members of the freak out society took roots at the doors of the seventh precinct in Georgetown this week.

The place as it is called, is in the basement of the Georgetown Lutheran Church. It will be open six days a week (never on Sunday) from 4 p.m. till midnight. As the summer goes on the Place will stay open longer. The Place is a refuge where one can relax his mind and body and enjoy serious and casual recreation.

The place is being supported by Georgetown clergy and Interface, an organization of hippies and straight which has been meeting at the Mustard Seed since last winter.

As of last Monday the Hippie Health Clinic began operating at the Place. The health clinic still has to iron out some legal hassles and is still in need of additional physicians, psychiatrists, and psychologists. So far there are over forty volunteer professionals who come to man the clinic.

The clinic still needs a typewriter, cots and a medical examining table. Turn your doctor on to what's happening, and tell him to donate his time a couple of hours a week to help keep the Place open 24 hours a day.

The Free Press is happy about the Place, but we must not forget the fact that it is located right across the street from the big, bad, evil seventh precinct at 34th and Volta. The cops might tolerate church goers one day a week, but they will surely get vicious against hippies who frequent their doorway the other six

LADIES GET HOME JOURNAL

The first issue of WOMEN: A Quarterly of Women's Liberation will be published in the Fall of 1968. Poems, short stories, political, literary and scientific articles, which consider the condition of women, are being solicited.

The decision to limit articles written by men stems from a widely discussed position held by many women today: for centuries women have been defined and discussed by men; the time has come for women to create a special publication in which they analyze and express themselves and their relationship to the social order. The publication rests on the assumption that women are best able to define them-

selves and to discuss their problems. Articles by men will be published on assignment only.

Manuscripts should be typed, double space, on 8-1/2 x 11" paper. Self-addressed and stamped envelopes should be enclosed. Articles which are not accepted for publication will be read carefully and suggestions for improvement will be offered. Material and monetary contributions should be sent to:

WOMEN: A Quarterly of
Women's Liberation
Dee Ann Pappas
3011 Guilford Avenue
Baltimore, Md. 21218

BOO-HOO-HOO



JD busy at Church work.

BOO HOO BUST

by Peter Novick and Chris Webber

eeeeeeeeeeee

It's happened again!! J. D. Kuch again in the company of Don Mead as well as two minors was busted early Thursday evening while sitting on her back porch. The narcs breezed onto her porch, flashed a search warrant, then proceeded to tear the place apart in search of illegal drugs. Details were supplied the FREE PRESS by one of our own police informers. Among those participating in the raid were Det. Stevie Finkleburg and narc Frank Kelly, both infamous defenders of a straight society.

Their hearings are set for this morning, Friday. The charges will likely be violations of the Uniform Narcotics Act and the Marijuana Tax Act, which amounts to possession of grass, and the Dangerous Drug Act, which makes LSD illegal. In addition the minors will probably be charged with presence in an illegal establishment.

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

There is another "Ex-Serviceman" from the Washington area making news. But he's wearing chains not medals. Oliver Hirsch, 21, is one of nine GI's protesting the Vietnam war, who joined a "Church-In" in San Francisco, chaining himself to the ministers who support the action. Along with the other serviceman (5 soldiers, 2 sailors, and a marine--Hirsch is a sergeant in the Air Force), he found sanctuary in a Presbyterian church where he parti-

cipated in a two day service for liberation. Hirsch said that he was inspired by the courage and moral integrity of the others. "Their stand against the Vietnam war gave me strength to join them. I truly hope that our example will help those people who are at the crossroads of a decision on their part in the war." He intends to take his message to the public. In fact, the nine men hope to be able to go "out into the open as civilians, as Americans, and speak and try to reach other people."

Hirsch confessed that his decision was not an easy one. I'd be lying if I said I wasn't scared, but the big fear about prison is gone. Once that leverage is removed, you take an awful lot of power away from the military." He also emphasized no regret. "For the first time in my life I feel completely honest."

Hirsch was educated in public schools in Bethesda, Maryland, and attended Ursinus College in Pennsylvania. He enlisted in the Air Force a little over two years ago, but left his station at Letterman General Hospital in San Francisco almost three months ago. He got in touch with The War Resisters League in that area. He now considers himself as having publicly resigned from the Air Force.

For those who don't know how narcs do their thing, briefly: There are two ways that narcs obtain their search warrants. The first is to have an informer sell grass or whatever is not legal to a suspected party, who then informs the cops who raid. The latter have been known to take their time hoping to catch as many as possible, including mere visitors of the buyer in the bust.

The second method, highly likely in this particular bust, is for an informer who knows where the stuff is to say the word, for one reason or another. In this instance no physical evidence of illegal drugs is needed in obtaining the warrant.

Our source told us that the informer for last night's bust had been arrested for possession and had turned the narcs on to J. D.

The FREE PRESS doesn't know yet who this informer was, but when we do find out, as we will, it will go into print.

It might be of interest to some of our readers that the FREE PRESS is compiling a list of undercover agents and informers active in the Dupont Circle area. Both names and photos will appear in another issue.

By the by, our informer has informed us that one Ken Brown has acted in the past as a police informer. Sorry Ken. He did his thing for the Yonder's Wall bust. He looks hip. He's not.

Man, ain't people got nothing better to do?



by Judy Willis

U.S. STEEL TELLS LIKE THIS

"The Mellon family (of Virginia) owns U.S. Steel and they are too powerful for us to fight. "

With these words a Caracas lawyer brought to an end the Venezuelan legal efforts of Mrs. Carol Rivera to have removed from the records of the Orinoco Mining Company (a subsidiary of U.S. Steel) an erroneous medical report stating she had had an abortion.

Two years earlier Carol had arrived in Ciudad Piar, Venezuela as a teacher employed by the Orinoco Mining Company to teach the children of its employees. Her experiences are important for their revelation of how the company dominates the lives of its employees and their environment for the benefit of the Company. This is a reality multiplied a thousand times throughout all of Latin America

Carol's first disillusionment came even before she went to Venezuela. She had assumed that she would be teaching children of both the Venezuelans and North Americans who worked for the company. No such thing, she was told. There were two separate schools, one for the Venezuelans (taught by Venezuelans) and one for the North Americans, where she would be teaching. When Carol asked why Venezuelans and North Americans were not allowed to attend the same school, the recruiter answered vaguely, "Well, you know, language differences, cultural differences

.... Maybe someday we'll be able to have one school. " When she asked how long the school had been operating (the company had been there since 1949), the recruiter said he didn't know- - maybe he would look it up --and quickly went on to another subject. She was told that half of the teachers had quit at the end of the previous year; but, the recruiter assured her, this was just a coincidence and, in general, teachers were quite satisfied with conditions there.

Believing U.S. Steel could not tell a lie, Carol signed the one year contract. Soon she was in Ciudad Piar, the isolated mining town 500 air miles south-east of Caracas. The company had built the only railroad in the area from Ciudad Piar north-east to the Orinoco River so that the iron ore could be shipped out. The isolation of the town, Carol pointed out, is a great advantage to the company because the 3,000 Venezuelans living there have no other place to go for jobs, and there is little communication with the larger population centers for either the Venezuelans or the North Americans.

The class structure of the town is so obvious as to be literally visible. Carol described the town as being divided into three sections. High up on a hill live the (North American) managers of the company and their families.

This top management includes those involved in the railroad, transportation, mining, warehouse and supplies. In order to lure north Americans to such an isolated place, the company pays them a great deal more than they could earn in the U.S. for the same job. (For example, a railroad man earning \$10,000 yearly in the U.S. earns about \$15,000 there.) At the bottom of the hill on a plain, live the 3,000 native Venezuelan laborers. On the land between the laborers and the management, the teachers have their quarters.

Carol said the company was totally uninterested in the teachers who were excluded from management social life. "Because the teachers are not involved in the production of the iron ore, they are not considered important", Carol explained. "Also, the company wants to keep the information about their business transactions as secret as possible "

Despite an agreement with the Venezuelan government made 20 years ago that Venezuelan natives would eventually be moved up to management positions, the top level continues to consist solely of North Americans, European immigrants who fled Nazi countries when World War II ended, and Venezuelans of pure Spanish ancestry (who comprise the country's aristocracy). The Venequellan native is kept in the position of a laborer. He earns an average of \$30 a week. The

laborer must rent his house from the company (he can never own land or a home), and he must pay the same high price for food at the company store as the \$15,000 a year North American supervisor. As a result the laborers usually supplement their store-bought meals by hunting armadillos and turtles, as is customary with the Venequellan poor who do not have the "benefit" of being "helped" by a North American company.

Carol was quite surprised by the class structure and the separateness of the Venezuelan and North American peoples. She had believed the American government and industry claims that United States "investment" in Latin America was raising the standard of living of the natives. It soon became obvious to her that the only ones benefiting were the top level management of the company.

Her disappointment was increased by the school system in Ciudad Piar. The American school in which she taught goes through ninth grade, and the children are taught a small amount of Spanish. After ninth grade, they are sent back to the States to private schools---with the company footing part of the bill. Carol said that she had between three and ten children in the classes which she taught for two years.

con't on next page



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Sixth grade is the cut-off point for Venezuelan children. There are about 40 children in each class. They are taught by Venezuelan teachers whom the company pays about \$350 a month. They are not taught any English. The Venezuelan child's education ends, then, at sixth grade because his father cannot afford either to move to a city where the child could go further, or to send the child away to school.

Comprehending the educational conditions, Carol--- still believing that the American government and business meant what it said about raising the standards of underdeveloped peoples, and herself having strong humanitarian leanings--- embarked upon some projects which she considered progressive, yet in no sense radical. Only later was she to discover that her humanity did not sit too well with the company.

The first year she taught in Ciudad Piar, the principal of the American school was a psychologist. Together they carried out two projects: they set aside one day during the school year on which Venezuelan teachers taught in American schools and vice versa; and they took the American children on a field trip to a subsistence level Venezuelan town (very few of the company families ever venture outside the company owns).

When the company's director of industrial relations, Raymond Vintilla (a North American), asked the teachers for suggestions regarding the educational system, Carol told him that it appeared to her that the company didn't care about the system and suggested that it be integrated.

"As a start, why not take three or four of the brightest Venezuelan children when they are in fourth or fifth grade and place them in the American school," Carol suggested. "Then at least they will get a ninth grade education."

The company did not consider that Carol's suggestion was in its best interests.

At the end of her first school year, the progressive principal quit. Carol returned to the States for the summer, but indicated to company officials that she would return the next year. She still had hope.

While she was in California, Carol had a medical checkup at UCLA medical center which indicated a biopsy (test for cancer) and dilation and curettage. The biopsy was performed at UCLA and the D and C in a Carmel hospital under her physician's supervision.

Upon returning to Ciudad Piar, Carol was told by company officials that her medical plan would cover part of the operation cost. She sent through the medical forms. The company asked for more details and a fuller description. Carol's physician wrote the company a letter stating that Carol had had a biopsy and D and C because of menstrual disturbances.

It wasn't until three months later---and, as Carol pointed out, after she had signed a contract to

teach another year---that she was called to the company clinic to sign the claim and receive the check. Carol recalled there was a clerk and "several other men standing around" when she signed the claim without reading it. She took the check and a copy of the claim home. She said she did not read the claim before signing it because she had no reason to suspect that anything could be wrong with it--- especially after she had been questioned and supplied such complete information and had then waited three months for the check.

When Carol got home she read the Spanish-language claim and was astounded. What the claim said was that Carol had had an "Aborto terapeutico"--- a therapeutic abortion.

She contacted the head of the medical clinic, a Hungarian doctor whose activities during the Nazi occupation of his native country are hazy (except to the company, Carol says, which has all his records), and she had a long argument on her hands. Finally, however, the company doctor agreed to correct the error if Carol would send back the form. Carol demanded that before she return the form, he write her a letter stating that he would correct the error. Carol received the letter. It blamed the error on translation (the fact that the words in question are unmistakable cognates did not deter him), but it did not state, according to Carol, that the form would be changed. Her suspicions still aroused, Carol Thermofaxed the medical claim before returning it to the clinic.

After waiting a month (by this time it was mid-March, 1967), she asked the principal to call Vintilla to see why the correction had not yet been made. The principal told Carol that Vintilla had been "raging mad" over the telephone and had said that if "Carol doesn't like what's going on---that's tough!"

Vintilla, Carol pointed out, was not aware that she had a copy of the document with the false reason for her operation, so he felt he could dismiss her complaints because he did not know she had proof of their validity.

Next, Carol was visited by the supervisor of education who began his attempt to terrorize Carol by saying, "There's a new teacher who's coming here. But I think you should know she's a liar."

Carol immediately wanted to know how the supervisor knew the teacher was a liar before they had even met.

"Why, don't you know?" Carol related the supervisor's saying, "The company investigates all its North American employees."

Carol said: "Oh, Now I see how you work. I am resigning immediately because of your refusal to correct the falsified medical papers, and I intend to ask for legal counsel and an

investigation by the National Education Association."

Vintilla's reaction: "So what?"

Carol engaged a lawyer in a town some distance away--- Ciudad Bolivar. They drew up two demands: that all copies of the original claim be corrected and sent through the clinic channels so that all who had seen the original would also see the correction; and that the costs be paid by the company.

She also contacted her physician in Carmel who wrote the company: "At no time was the possibility of pregnancy considered likely and nothing in the findings at surgery would have indicated any evidence of pregnancy."

The lawyer stalled; Carol was unable to reach him on the phone. She was presented with the corrected papers but refused to sign them because her lawyer was not present and because the company had not agreed to pay costs. She did, however, give the company a note affirming that the correction had been offered her.

Carol then received a visit from company officials who again threatened her with "private investigations" and "the company could ruin your life."

"Then maybe its time someone said NO to the company," Carol replied.

She realized then that the company had used similar blackmail tactics on other employees. For instance, she recalled that one man had written a few checks that bounced, so the company put on his record that he "passed bad checks." Carol said the reason for the company action is "to stifle criticism." She said that blackmail was usually used on persons whom the company thought might make public statements disparaging Orinoco Mining upon their return to the States. If such statements were made, the company could then take out its dossier and say that you couldn't believe this person's testimony because he had done such-and-such.

Having said "No" to the company, Carol approached the American consulate. The consulate said he couldn't do anything because the case involved a private company and advised Carol to get a lawyer. When pressed, the consulate agreed to talk to the company, but Carol said she never heard from him again.

At last, on May 22, Carol succeeded in persuading her lawyer from Ciudad Bolivar to go with her to the company offices. The officials presented

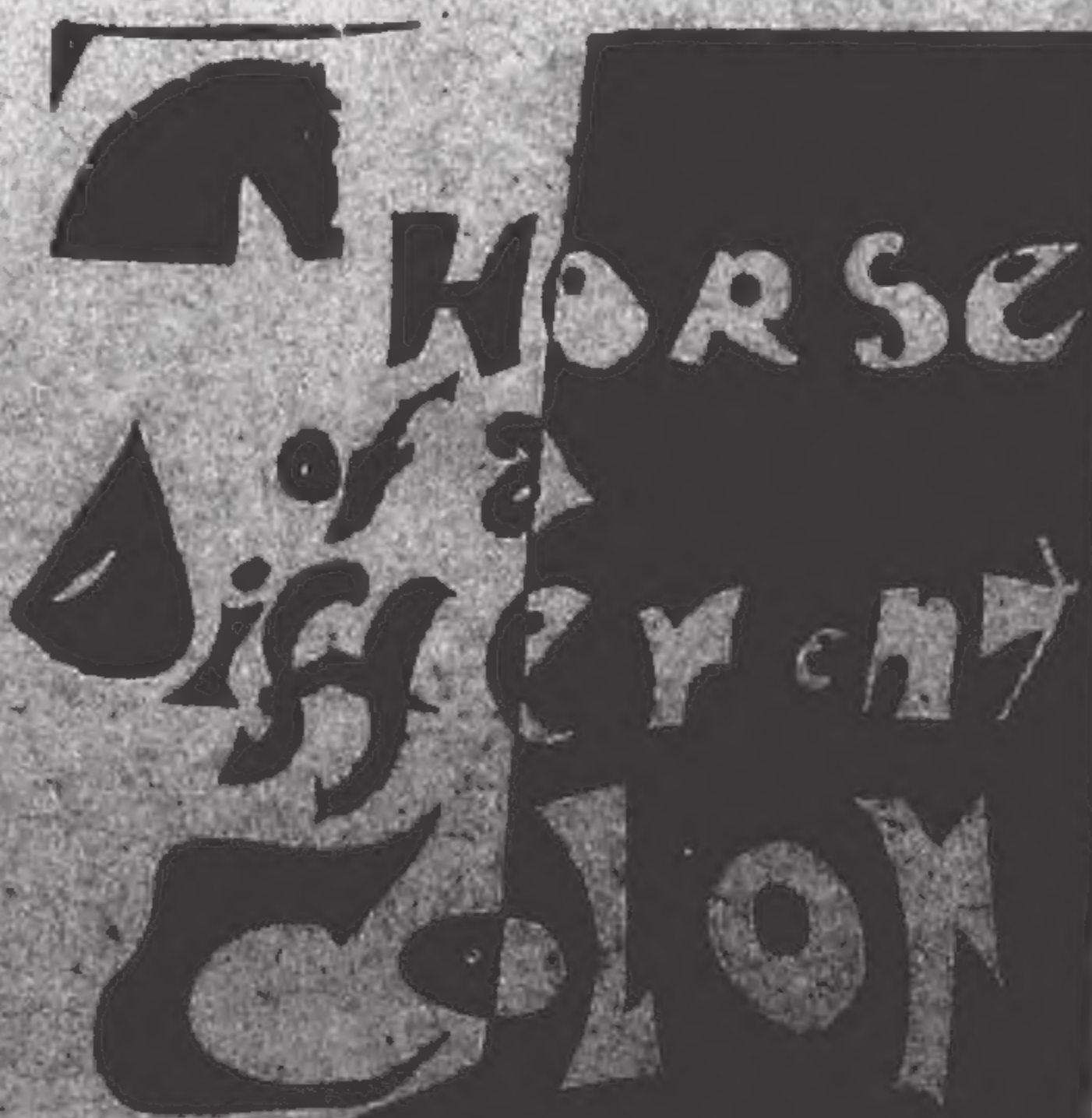
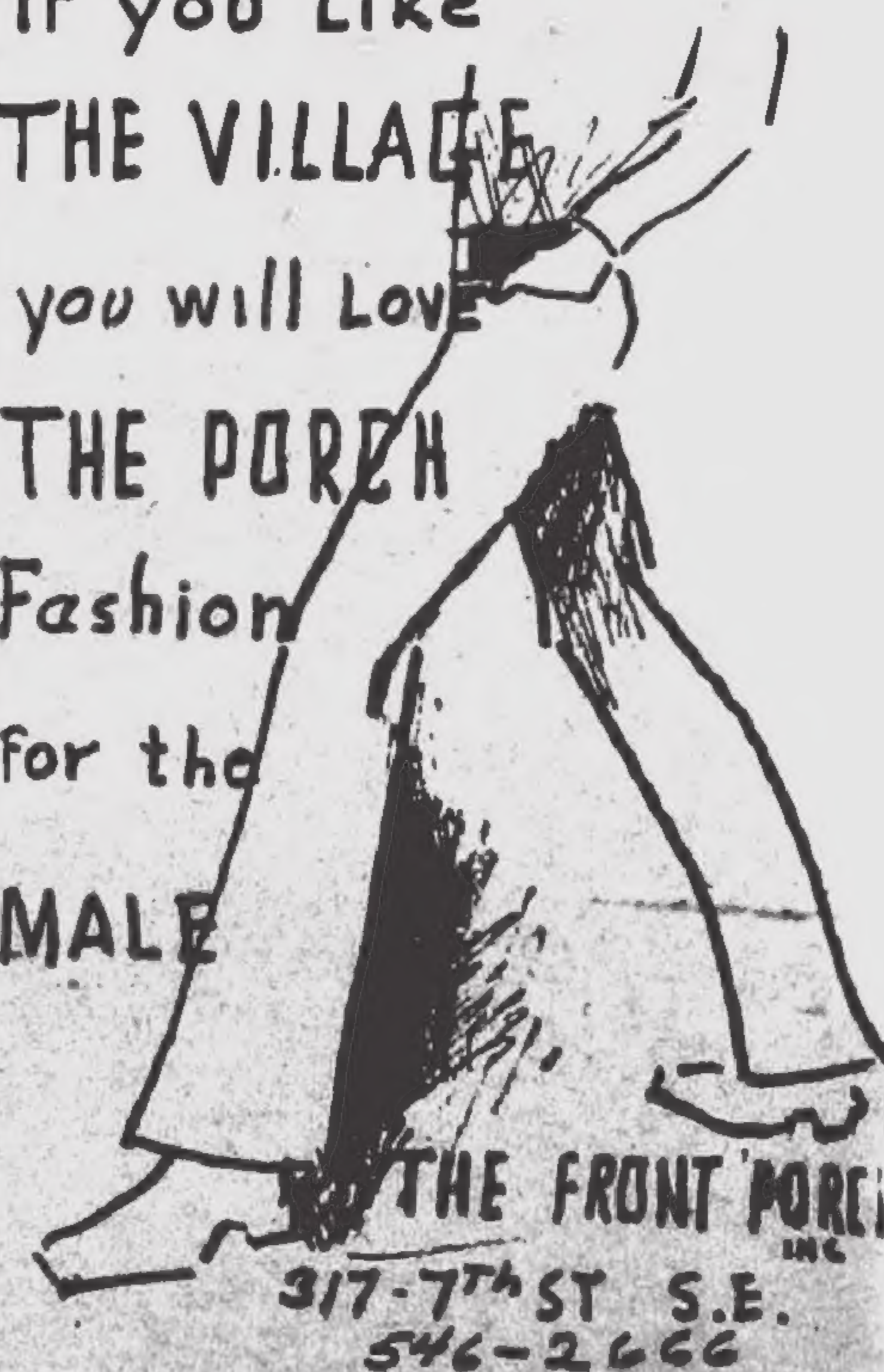
her with another document which had the correct reason for the surgery. Carol signed and retained a copy of the correction, but protested to her lawyer that the company still had all the copies of the original claim, that the correction had never been sent through the clinic, and that costs had not been reimbursed. The lawyer replied "No importa," got in his car and drove away. The lawyer later told Carol the reason for his quick get-away was, "I didn't want to fight the company".

A few days later, in the middle of a school day, Carol was called by company officials who wanted her to sign termination papers. Carol had to send the children home early so she could go face Vintilla. She refused to sign termination papers because there was a clause specifying that signing of the papers released the company from all employee claims. The company later used Carol's not signing to back up their contention that she had been fired.

Determined to straighten out the case, Carol traveled to the United States Embassy at Caracas where she received "no help at all". She visited the Venezuelan Minister of Labor. He took a list of her charges and assured her he would help. Carol said she returned to the company's main offices, and when she arrived was told that the Venezuelan government had turned over her complaint to them.

Carol's story 8

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by Ray Avretus

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Here's the Scene: Benefits are now being paid for work done from April 1, 1967, to March 31, 1968. You need not have worked consistently to collect. If you have worked in at least two of the four calendar quarters (April through June 1967, July through September 1967, October through December 1967, and January through March 1968) you are eligible for benefits. If you have worked in at least two calendar quarters at a rate of at least \$276 in a two calendar quarter period, you must collect at least \$130 in one calendar quarter and a total of at least \$276 in not less than two calendar quarters of your base period. In addition, your total base period wages must be within \$70 of one and one-half times your high quarter wages." There is no minimum age to collect benefits.

The answer to this question had better be YES or else you might not qualify. Then, the interviewer may ask you where you have looked in the last week. Name two or three places. Don't lie. Hell, just poking your head in a door and crying out, "Is there any work here today?" is acceptable. Be discrete.

After you are interviewed you will be told when to sign-up to get your check. Each week you will have to go down there and answer three stupid questions: 1) Are you able to work? n'sak get ur checree there anw're will haveve to e subjectus, so works, r thred wo re and_a, say so. They get copies of the names and social security numbers of everyone who works, so lying isn't worth a fine and a jail term. If you earn more than 40% of your benefits, you will be penalized proportionately. For example, if your benefits are 50 a week, you may earn 20 a week without losing any bread--but if you earn that

Also, you will probably be required to go upstairs and register for work in the Employment Office. They may send you out on jobs---but if you don't think the job they send you on 1) pays enough or 2) doesn't have any advancement or 3) is in some way defective, don't take it, of course. And, of course, continue looking for work on your own (heh, heh).

Just a word of caution: This article is NOT a guarantee that you will receive Unemployment Benefits. There are some nuances in the law, for example, a person on strike may not collect. And a pregnant woman may not receive benefits from six weeks before to six weeks after her delivery.

Also if you have quit your
six weeks beam
wng wer her delivs
why, n you 1 you lead,
when you tell the interviewer
why you left your job, have a
good reason. Don't say that
the work was bad, say the
working conditions were. Make
your story verifiable by your
employer.

So apply, see if you are entitled to a bundle. You can't lose---you can only pay your rent.

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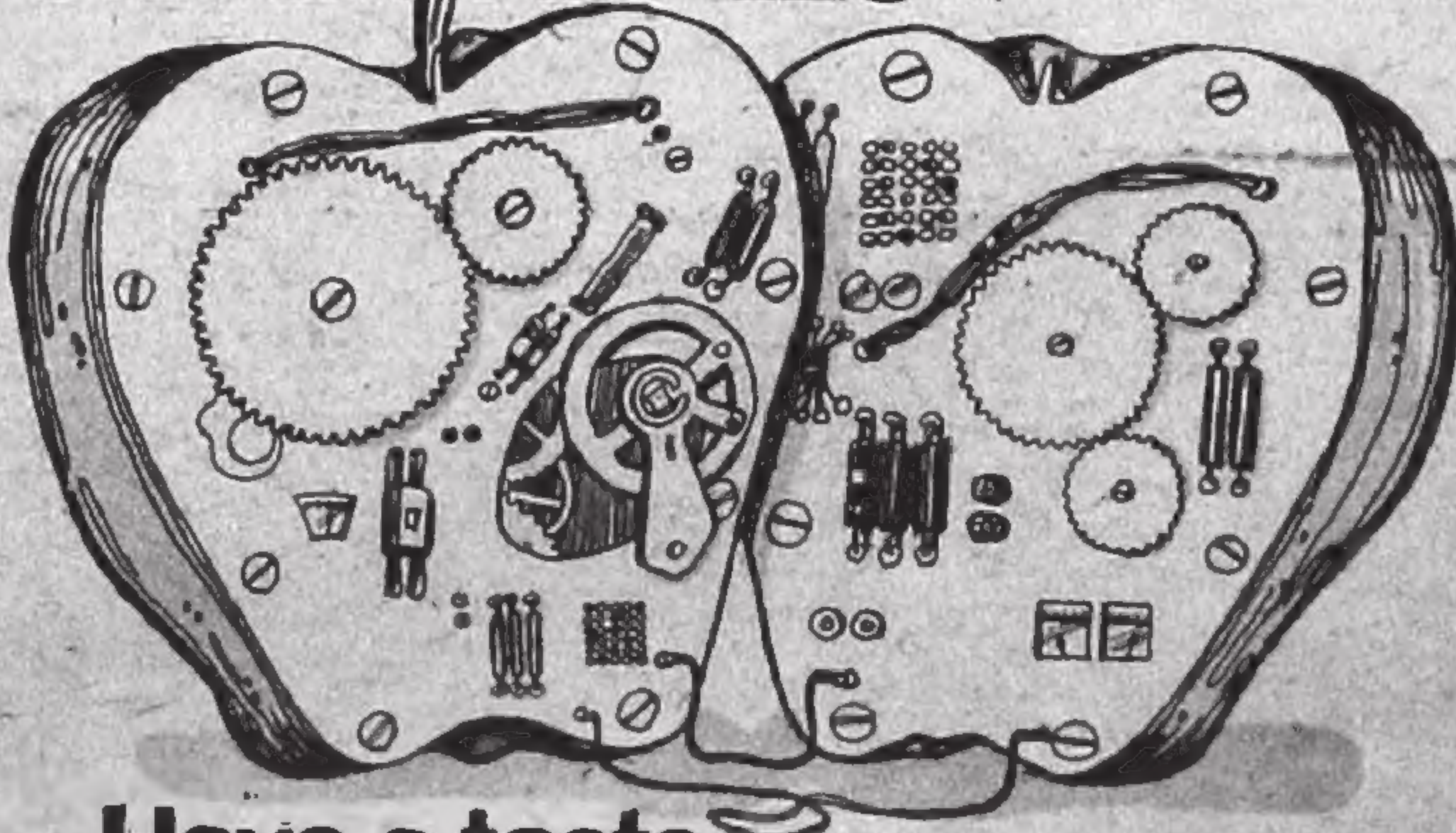
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letters

Cont'd. from page 2

refreshments (free, of course) were donated by "straight" companies. From what I've heard, this was on the condition that the Event was to have been non-political. We are by no means dependent on donations from the straight community, but the significance transcends material charity - it is the fact of giving that counted, a first tentative grope in the direction of an integration of spirit in all the Baltimore community. After all, how long can a mankind divided stand in the face of his destructive impulses and capacities to match? What, then, is the effect of divisive influences in a world already too sundered? And even the straights have a right to the life they choose, as long as it harms no one else.

This, I'm afraid, is what your activities under the sun and sky the creatures of a whole world share may have done to The Movement that afternoon in the park. Let's hope it isn't so.

Yours in love and peace,
Charles Stevenson

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con't from pg 5

Carol---that she was a Communist. They threatened to get the American consulate to revoke her passport and deport her. The officials told her she was "only hurting the American people, not the company", and they told the company employees that being seen with Carol would be considered "an unfriendly act toward the company".

Despite this reproach, Carol stayed on until September in order to warn incoming teachers of conditions there. She then returned to the United States with the hope of telling her story here so that teachers considering working for U. S. Steel in Venezuela would know what they were getting into.

She first approached Establishment newspapers in New York City who reacted with fright to the idea of printing her story. Then she came to Washington, where, after visiting Establishment papers and getting similar reactions, she learned of the Free Press.

As she ended her story, Carol told this reporter: "I feel

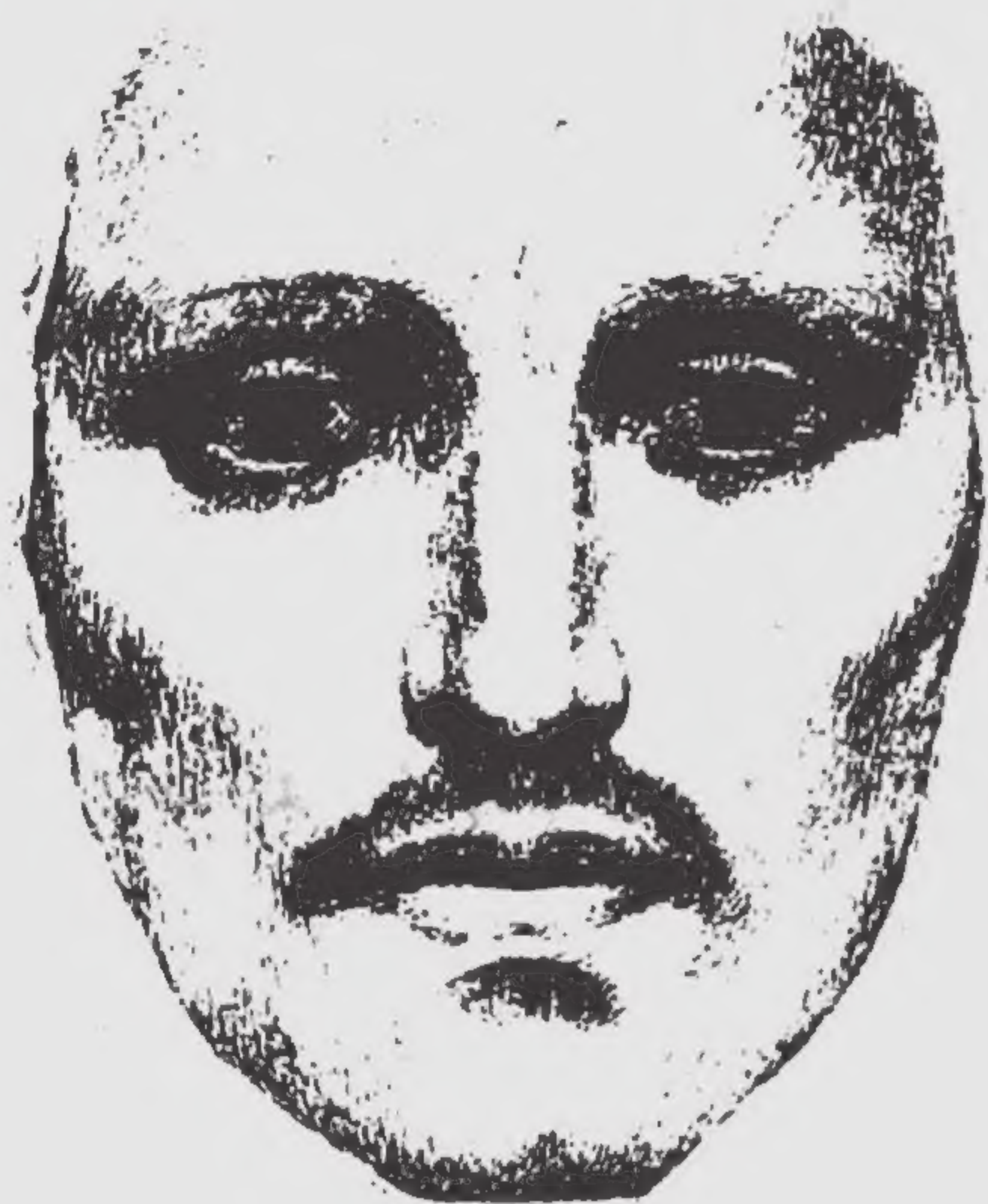
an obligation to tell the American people what's going on down there. If they find out what's going on and want to change it, then I will have accomplished something. If they know what's going on and don't care---well, then at least I've done all I could, and the American people will have made their choice".

She returned to Caracas where a Venezuelan confided, "We're all corrupt. First the Spaniards corrupted us. Then the U. S. We're hopeless." Nevertheless, she went to the Venezuelan lawyer who leveled with her about the ownership of U. S. Steel and the impossi-

Legal channels at a dead end, Carol went to the newspaper, "El Bolivarense", in Ciudad Bolivar with her story. On July 13, 1967, the paper printed her charges against the Orinoco Mining Company in which she stated she now realized why Latin Americans felt the U. S. was on imperialist nation.

After the newspaper article appeared, the company made the to-be-expected charge against

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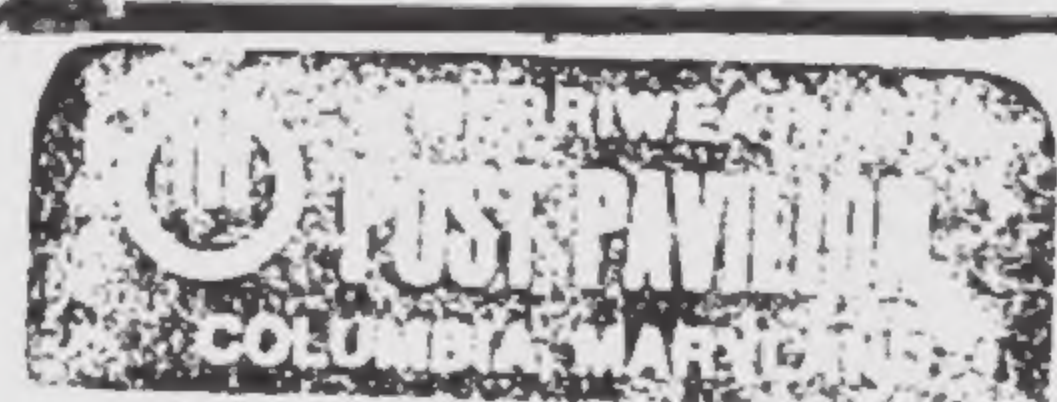
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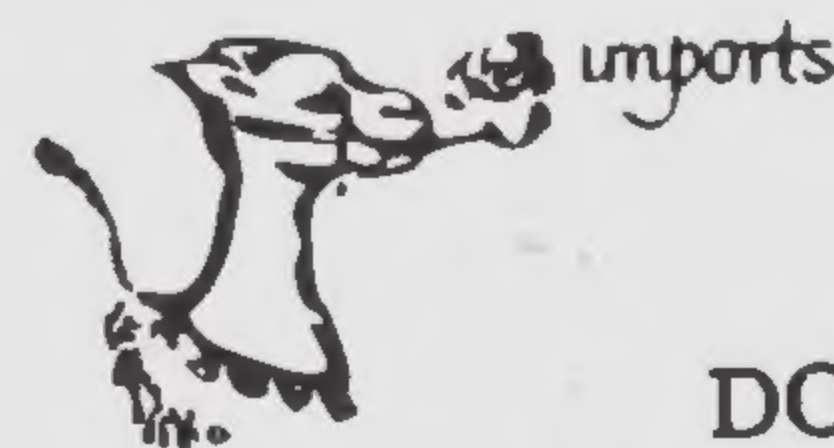
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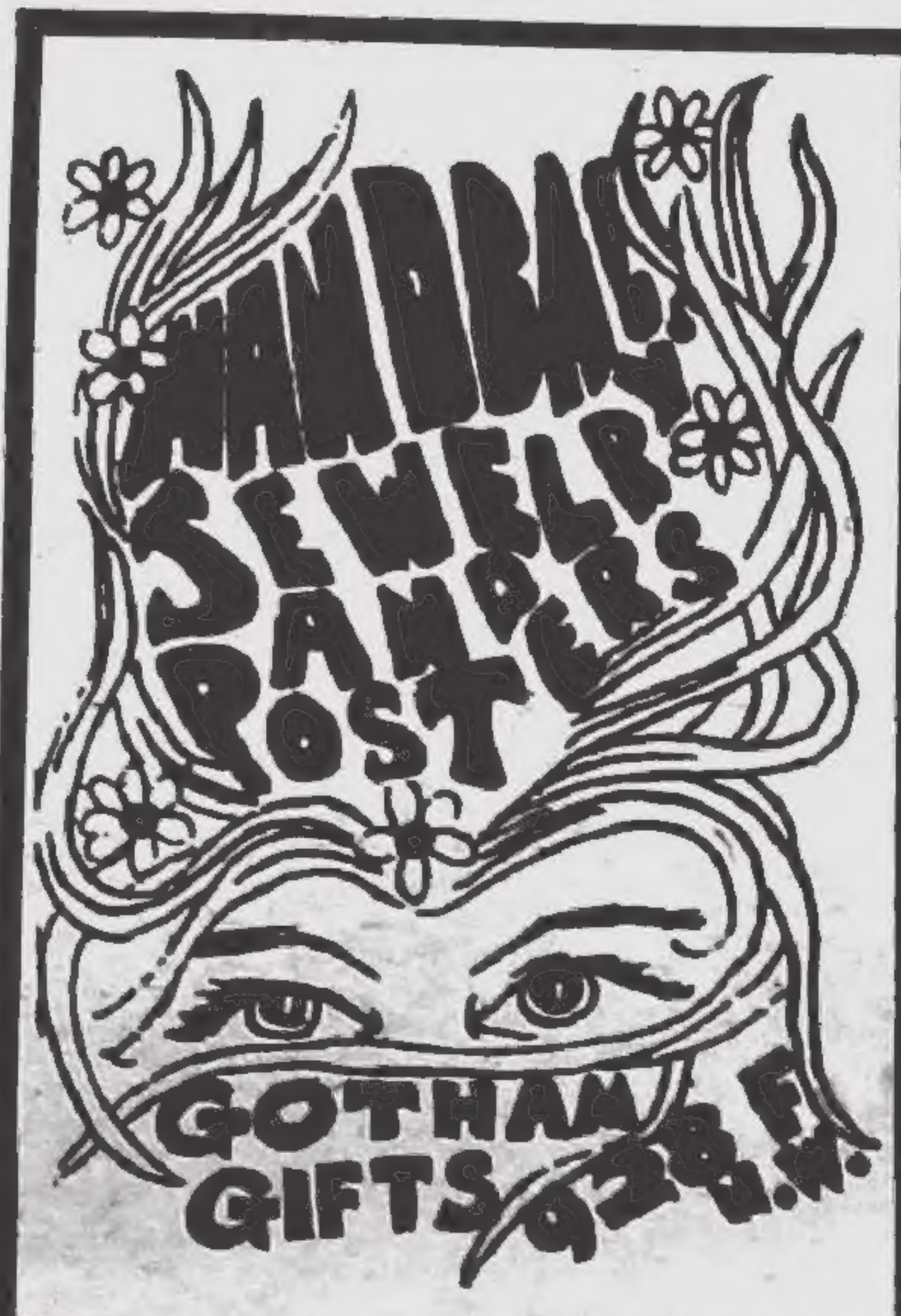
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Silver Gray-Blue Romp

The night was sad
and gray
but music
dripped
from nowhere
and I
unwittingly
laughed
at nothing

The moon was dead
leadlike
but the stars
shimmered
silver
shouted
life
and my fingertips
actually touched
the shy

Patricia E. Joy



Sonnet of The Village Mammals

Here in time apothecary
And art work from our sanctuary
Elude the world which should not happen;
For years and years we weep and laugh in
Groups until our minds, unstrapped, are leaking
Fainted cries or feigned seeking.
Tears come Monday, sweet and hot,
To ease weekend fevers we begot
On playground slides. There hangs an uptown
Outside, untried, upside down,
Where smoke and fury roll before us
Dying things like jugs of sound. Chorus:
Our wavering prayers are enormous bubbles
Blown for people, gauntness, wars and troubles.
by Fooman Zybar



Wanders Willled

Passage

I have taken
To the land
I live forsaken
Sparks the fire
Of my heaven
Take the burden
Off the raven.

I have seen
A thousand eagles
While I flew
Between the mountains
Grasped the sunshine
Of the angels.

I have seen
A thousand eagles
While I flew
Between the mountains
Grasped the sunshine
Of the angels.

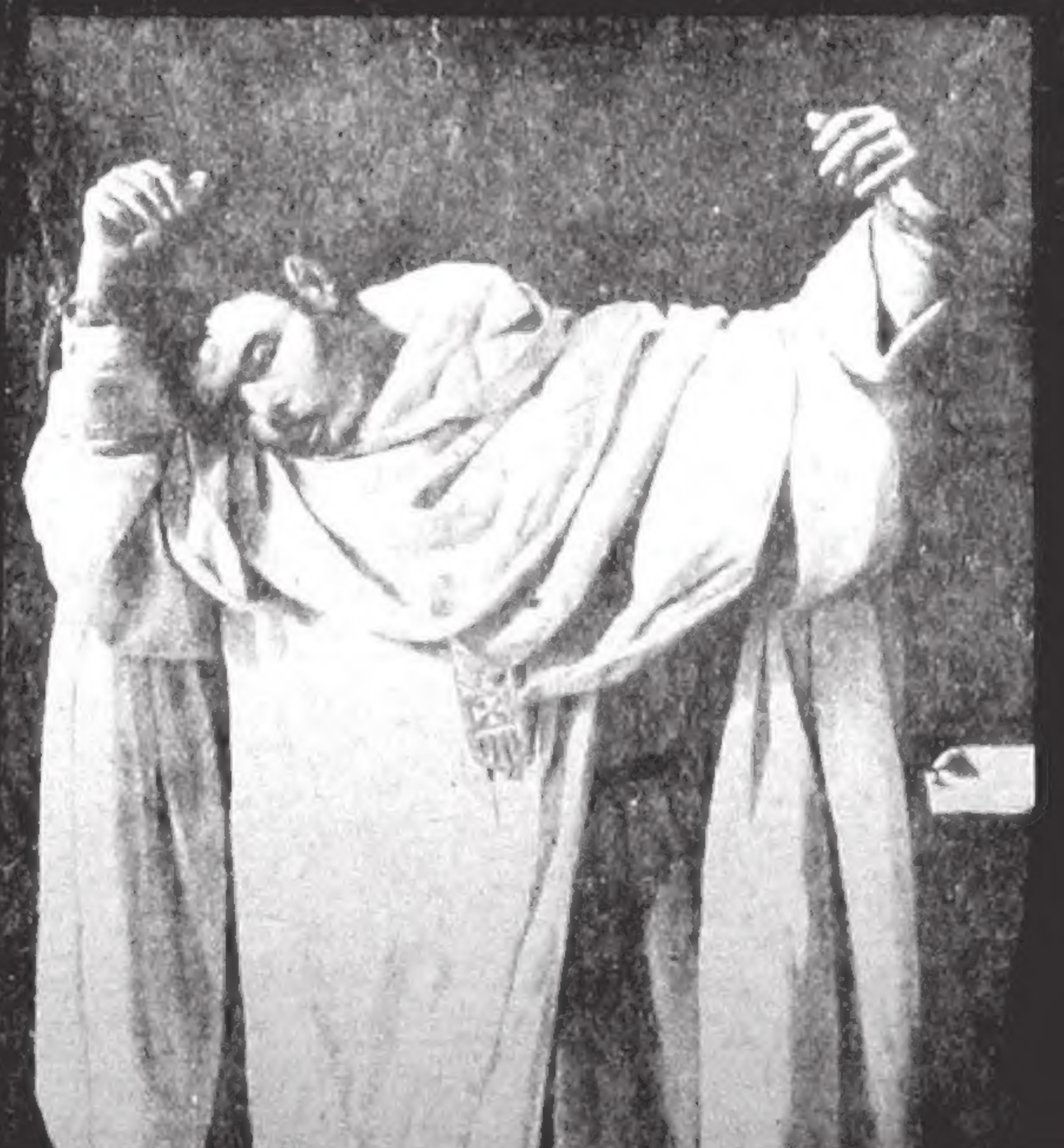
I have crawled
The lava dessert
Writhed in sands
Of melting embers
And quenched my heat
With silver waters
Take pardon
Of the wine.

Singest thou of older pillars
and I shall know of those
before
Pillars built
before the framework
Iron standing
In the air

Peter Novick

Old Man-you work slow like an old, unwed
woman-you pluck pickish faults-out of all
others- while you fear the foreign brutes-who
would surround you-with your Yiddish accent-
they don't understand you-as the blond beast
35 years or more ago-when you
were young flowing-like a poet- you sung
songs of flowers and love-before marching
they-like a huge war machine-threw upon
the store of your father-their frustrations-
of a generation-and destroyed all-
your youth-your love- your brother-father-mother:-
yes, your culture died-in the gas chambers-
yes, at Buchenwald-at Belsen- at so
many nameless places-you survived and
liberated by the Allies-in
1945-the Beast was slain by
St. George- but you could never tell the difference
between St. George and the dragon, yet you
went to England-wedding other wizened-
on f4-you found already you were
an old, tired man- but Europe didn't want you-
neither did America-still you came to
raise a daughter-who wouldn't understand you-
nor who ever could-while you cranked away
at your machine-fearing us all-as would
an anachronism of a dead age.

Geoffrey A. Cook



(Marc Sommer, Naomi Jaffee, John Stielstra and David Tobis spent two weeks in the Democratic Republic of Vietnam, from May 10 to May 24 at the invitation of l'Union Des Etudiants du DRV. These are excerpts from the journal that Marc kept on the trip which lasted, altogether, over a month.)

9 May, 5 a. m., Phnom Penh

I still have no sense that I'm on the other side of the world. Cambodia! Jesus, I expected to be totally devastated by the foreign-ness of everything about the country. Instead, I'm surprised (and a little disappointed) to find that the hotel I live in is more American and motel-like (but for the peeling paint on the walls) than Paris, and cheaper. Air conditioned, private shower (cold & hot), elevator, roof garden, regular flush toilet (a la Standard). When I first wake up in the morning I mistake the sounds of traffic outside for New York or Chicago at 8 a. m. There is a giant propeller fan overhead in our room, the kind we used to see in old Bogart and Peter Lorre flicks about colonists with white moustaches and bony knees below shorts and a pith helmet, too; but it's not in operation, serves the same function as artificial flowers. I get the same strange feeling I had in Quebec two years ago, that I'm actually in Chinatown, NYC, and the people around here are putting me on speaking Khmer.

The Vietnamese are literally turning swords into plowshares, in a brilliant reversal of the Nazi practice of making lampshades of human flesh. They take the steel from American bombers downed throughout the North and make rings, paperweights, desk paper holders, necklaces, and engraved designs of Vietnamese soldiers. From rubber in U.S. planes they make sandals. It's not simply a propaganda stunt--they really need the materials and put them to good use.

The attache also tells a story about his young, 10-year old daughter, who still lives in a small village outside Hanoi (40 kilometers). She wrote recently to her father that the Americans had come by and bombed her school, but that fortunately no one was around at the time. Then she asked, "Papa, will the Americans come and bomb your embassy in Phnom Penh, too?"

The DRV attache also said that--and we've since seen--the Long Bien Bridge across the Red River, connecting Hanoi with the North, was knocked out last summer during the flood stages on the river. It hurt the Vietnamese badly, and still bottles up traffic. But to replace it, the Vietnamese already had a net of pontoons ready. A pontoon looks like a large canoe boat and is anchored to the bottom of the river with hooks. Each section is then fastened to

On the other hand, the elan among the people on the road seemed enormous. We stopped several times on the road waiting for the pontoon bridges to clear (since the destruction of the Paul Doumer Bridge last year) and we saw scores of Vietnamese students and workers walking bicycles through the mud, singing, shouting to one another, whistling. Our Viet guides spoke of strangers repeatedly with no apparent self-consciousness. One student, intensely intellectual with his wire-rimmed glasses, carried strapped to the seat of his bicycle the body of a sleeping one-year-old. Again, by his manner, he made the situation seem entirely natural and ordinary.

There was likewise what appeared to be a certain informality, or perhaps rather a real sense of proportion and perspective in the way they talked to us and to one another. The driver and his front-seat companion complained occasionally that were having to wait too long, but without bitterness about the lousy gas mileage in their Russian cars (which are like 1949 Fluid Drive Dodges). Since I had been expecting a hard line of polemical Marxism, all of that came as a very pleasant surprise.

The Vietnamese are an intensely nationalistic people, without being neurotic or chauvinistic about their love of country. The love of country comes out everywhere--in the way they talk about cigarettes or Comrad Ho

THE RADICALIZATION

north vietnam journal

Part of the cause is the plane trip: If I had been obliged to make my way slowly, arduously, to the Far East, on some kind of two-month voyage of a tramp steamer, I might have found this culture believable, and have been struck more by the differences than the similarities. As it was, the UTA flight must be like sitting under a hair dryer in a beauty parlor for 20 hours during a period of temporary seismic disturbances. With America so wretchedly commercial and venal, and Europe so Americanized, does Cambodia have to be European as well? (The movies in Phnom Penh, for example, are mostly French made with English-sounding names of actors--"Walter Bello?"--la Ranch de la Vengeance, a Western a l'Americain. Another has a giant of a man stabbing the bald head of a baby and being watched by a crew of spectators, all Oriental.)

10 May, Phnom Penh, Cambodia

Talked with attache in DRV Cambodian embassy, Nguyen Van Bich, at length in the airport today. He described some of the ingenious ways that the Vietnamese have used impossible conditions and have made them work. In some provinces after the bombings, for example, electricity had been knocked out, and a surgical operation had to be performed. So a villager brought a motorbike--Velo--turned it upside down, and peddled it fast to provide the necessary electricity.

When the Americans bomb rice paddies with incendiaries--which they do very frequently--the Vietnamese come back to the burned-out fields immediately afterwards and do one of three things with them:

1. scrape off the old rice and plant new rice crops;
2. use the burnt rice as fertilizer and plant vegetables in the ashes;
3. let the craters fill up with water and seed it with fish.

every other and boards (removable) placed over the joints. The bridge is indestructible: that is, as soon as you bomb one section, they can replace it with another. On the night of May 14th, we were passing across the empty bridge around 12 p. m. in a car and stopped to drag a few more boards up from the water to place over a joint (the pontoons sometimes float at different levels). We all got out of the car to make it lighter and walked a few yards up. The Vietnamese seemed to take the scene as entirely ordinary.

May 10, Hanoi

An airport scene: we arrived before our welcoming committee. After fast, confused introductions and shaking of hands, we sat down to drink Viet soda, smoke Viet cigarettes 9 (Dien Bien Phu), and fill out customs forms. Suddenly four flower girls appeared in the doorway in elegant, ankle-length silk dresses and in makeup a little too heavy. It would have been embarrassing for us--and was, at first--(after all, we were not diplomats, though they sometimes treated us as such), except that the ceremony had a certain unpracticed awkwardness to it, so that it seemed entirely genuine. Most of the discussion there centered around language jokes--"My name is ..." It seemed a good way to break the ice. We didn't realize then that those same surface jokes might well continue to be a primary topic of conversation.

The ride into Hanoi (12 kilometers) was very touching. On the one hand, you could see large factories bombed out, with only steel girders left standing, and workers quarters gutted by fire. The guides pointed the destruction out to us with a matter of factness that was truly remarkable, as though they were showing us a monument or a city park. No sense of irony or bitterness or even any consciousness that we, as Americans, had maybe something to do with the bombing.

or the new polytechnic school. They feel no insecurity about the injustice of what Vietnam is doing, and so they don't feel any ambivalence, any need for false modesty. They are frankly proud of the country and willing to say so. But, they also expect us to be proud in the same way of America. At dinner that night, Naomi and I started making a simplified critique of bourgeois values in American advertising, "cooperation," the lack of purpose, the ugliness in so much of American society, and I felt the Vietnamese (our interpreter and M. Tzu) slipping back into their soup. They really didn't care to hear that we hated our society--that we are alienated. Alienation seems to be something outside their experience, in part because they have no problem of self-hatred, no dreadful hang-ups about identity. They know who they are (after 4000 years of consistent experience in history) and what they have to do (there is no alternative but to struggle). They are revolutionary, but in a very undeological, unself-conscious, and unintellectual way. They are revolutionary not because someone convinced them they should be, but because the circumstances provided only that path. So they come over sounding like very simple, contented, immensely human beings, whose primary concern is not the "building of socialist political structures," but a piece of happiness, a healthy family, and good food. The war hasn't changed that psychology.

The Russians here are fat, greasy pigs. They get drunk in the lobby at 11 p. m. at night and make loud fokes about the Vietnamese. The other night, one told Kopkind that (privately he was on the wing of the Russian embassy which supported U.S. presence in Asia, as a stabilizing force. The Russians in this hotel live and spend most of their time apart from the Vietnamese and they seem racist as hell.

Kopkind informed his guide of what the Russian embassy secretary had said, and Wang didn't seem surprised. The Vietnamese

are fully aware of the nature of the Russian commitment, that their aid has less to do with a friendship with shared aims than with international power politics. But the North Vietnamese are in such an isolated position right now in practical terms that they can't afford to dismiss any offers, regardless of motive. Some Western nations--like France--make a lot of talk about supporting the Vietnamese, but none of them gives any substantive help. The nations which recognize the Vietnamese government are "all the countries of the socialist camp" (Russia, China, Albania, Mongolia, Bulgaria, perhaps a few others), plus Algeria, Czechoslovakia, East Germany

U. A. R. But only the first two are in a position to give substantive aid, and so far here, I have seen only one group of three to four Chinese (journalists, in any event). The United States thinks that Hanoi is run by China. The allegation becomes really absurd when you discover that there are so few Chinese around here. We have found a number of Chinese consumer products, like beer or toothpaste in a Wrigley's Spearmint design wrapper. But the Vietnamese themselves never talk about the Chinese, except when they're talking history, and then they mention that the Chinese aggression during much of Vietnamese history has been cruel and fierce. The Revolutionary Museum, for example, has both weapons and engravings used in fighting against Chinese invaders. If the Vietnamese are tied to anyone in this war--and if so, it is only a very

in it for what strategic advantage they can get out of it.

PART III

15 May, Ha Bac Province

We visited a decentralized university last night, a school of mining and geology 35 kilometers from Hanoi. It was the first time we've been outside Hanoi, in the countryside, and the first time we've seen large bombed-out areas. The massive destruction begins just across the bridge from Hanoi; a very large railroad terminal utterly decimated and destroyed by bombs. The yards go on for about .5 mile, locomotives melted into right-angle shapes, railway track uprooted and spun together, only the steel beam roof structures still in place with fragments of material dangling from the girders. Beside the railway station are living quarters for workers, also gutted by fire, though the outer structure still stands. On the way across the bridge from Hanoi, we had to wait about 3/4 of an hour for bicycle traffic to pass. Hundreds of children, mostly students, with books in small bags over the shoulders and a bundle of clothes and food (often lettuce greens) strapped on the rear wheel. They stood quietly, with pith helmets or conical hats on their heads, not talking much to one another, but not impatient either. Most of them stared curiously at us when we ap-

proached and stood near the entrance of the bridge (the car was waiting several yards back) first at our faces, then our new Ho Chi Minh sandals. I smiled occasionally and a boy would smile back broadly. The girls looked away, averted their eyes; and older people generally regarded us with suspicion. I've found out since then that my long hair (until yesterday) was what caused a lot of looks, because the few other Europeans in Hanoi are mostly Russians, who could be mistaken for Army colonels in America. The day after, I was walking on a street in Hanoi and a 18-20 year old boy on the back of a bike shouted "Dosvedonye!" He obviously thought we were Russians, and since we didn't know enough Vietnamese to explain otherwise, we replied in kind.

The rural villages, seen from a moving car, appear to be infinitely complex little structures. Small straw and bamboo huts are interspersed in a labyrinth of dirt paths and perfectly rectangular rice paddies. Occasionally, there is a concrete building, without doors and without glass in the windows, a restaurant for travellers with prices about .30 dong a meal (subsidized by the government). The meals are mostly rice, vegetables, a sauce, and a very little bit of meat. Occasionally, we'd also see, in the middle of a patch of rice paddies, an installation of anti-aircraft guns, covered with leaves and branches or a cluster of three or four SAM missiles, aimed at various angles toward the sky.

The reception at the decentralized geological university (evacuated from Hanoi since the bombing) was very touching. Driving in along a dirt road after dark, we were greeted by small knots of students waving and smiling before our headlights. We stopped somewhere in the middle of the road before a group, much larger, of students and teachers gathered around a large kerosene lamp. As we got out of the cars, they

OF GASTON ST.-ROUET

by MARC SOMMER

temporary marriage of expediency on both sides--it is to the Russians. All the military aid is Soviet--the planes, the missiles--and none or very little of it is Chinese. Beyond the material aid, however, the Russians are giving very little. The figure of 80,000 Russian advisers in North Vietnam seems now to be far-fetched. If there were really so many Russians around on the streets, the Vietnamese wouldn't be running after us on the streets and shouting, "Are you a Soviet?" A white European face in Vietnam--even in Hanoi--seems to be very much of a rarity. The only other Western advisers we've seen here have been a few East Germans, who are more respectful of the Vietnamese and seem to speak Vietnamese fluently.

I think that the reason why the U. S. wants to perpetuate the myth that the Chinese are the main supporters of the Vietnamese is not because we don't know better, but because the image of China in the United States is sufficiently bad that it reflects all kinds of badness on North Vietnam. Vietnam can be placed in a general umbrella context of "creeping Asian communism". With Russia, on the other hand, we want to play footsie and the Russians are obliging us. In underplaying Russian involvement on the side of the Vietnamese (they too, are underplaying it), the U. S. is cooling off the possibility of a major confrontation--Russia's prestige is not on the line in Vietnam as ours is, and we've both planned it that way. We've sent Harriman and Vance to the Paris talks--two Russian experts (as it were), not Chinese, because we want to be able to make a deal with the Russians to sell out the Vietnamese. That's the one way, the only way, that the Vietnamese could lose the negotiations, if Russia withdraws its support. I'm sure the Vietnamese are aware of that, though, and they'll play their cards with the Russians as well as the Americans themselves--North Vietnamese and N.L. F.--The rest are all

The scene along the road farther out in the country is much more pastoral, but the evidence of American bombing is still there, mostly around agricultural coop buildings and complexes near Hanoi. The roads themselves are pretty narrow, filled with potholes, and choked with traffic--bicycles, military jeeps and small trucks, pedestrians carrying baskets on poles on either shoulder. Again, no one is pushing, no one seems irritated by the constant delays, the continual stopping and starting. They stood quietly, or shouted jokes with one another about the traffic. Farther along on the road, where the pavement had become dirt road, we passed long trailer trucks carrying SAM's and anti-aircraft guns under canvas tarpaulins. It was an incongruous sight, typical of Vietnam in a state of war; peasant women walking barefoot with two baskets of vegetables in a broth of some sort, past a giant rocket on a military vehicle. The rockets dwarfed the little hamlets where they were parked. The Vietnamese peasants don't seem to be overwhelmed by the intrusion of military technology on their culture, though. In fact, they have become entirely accustomed to the presence of war materiel in their daily lives. On

began applauding us, and we applauded them in return. Handshaking, smiles, attempted greetings in Vietnamese. Many of the girls were dressed in formal ankle-length silk dresses, faces rouged to a dark pink hue. We were led, hand-in-hand, by students to a squat, long, rectangular room with a long wooden table (three vases of flowers, the ubiquitous tea servings and bowls of rice-paper-wrapped candies), broad grins from the boys. The mosquitos that night were fierce, and I spent a good amount of time slapping at them. But the Vietnamese students seemed unabashed by such adverse conditions. One girl while giving a long rap about student life in this decentralized university, was attacked by a gigantic two-inch green insect. She waited patiently for a pause for translation, then lifted the bug gently off her dress and handed it to her neighbor who let it fly off again. con't

p. 21

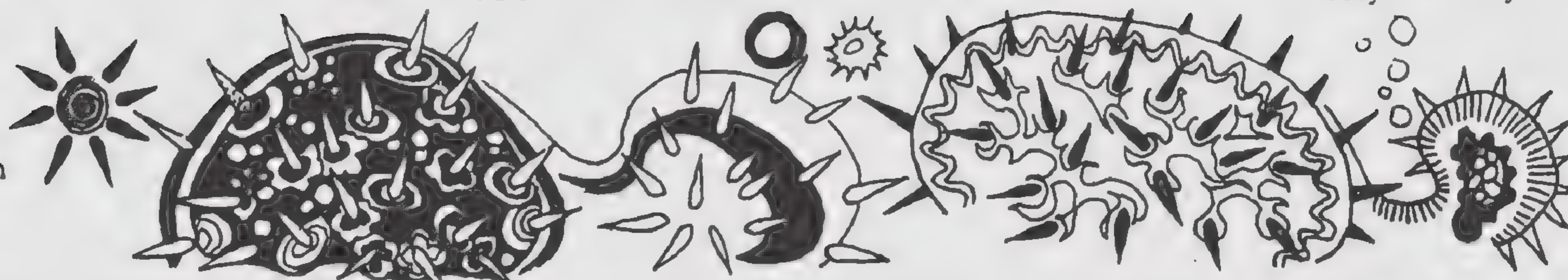




1969

INTERVIEW

by Art Grosman



with A 66 YEAR OLD PEYOTE EATER

Last Tuesday I spent the afternoon talking with Dr. John Aiken, the founder of the Church of the Awakening, a religious cult which advocates the use of psychedelics as an aid to meditation. Dr. Aiken and his wife Mary, both retired physicians, have logged over 100,000 miles traveling around the country and visiting people and groups interested in the use of psychedelics.

Dr. Aiken's sober "American Gothic" mannerism is very compatible with his battle to legalize the use of psychedelic drugs as a sacrament in religious activities.

How old is the Church of the Awakening?

It was incorporated in October of '63, the outgrowth of a group that had been meeting before that in Socorro, New Mexico.

How big is the church and what are the membership qualifications?

We have about 400 members. The membership blank has a statement that you are interested in expanding your understanding of life. The use of the psychedelic is not required but it is available to those who have been members for at least three months and recommended that it not be used more often than every three months.

And what was the origin of it?

It was a study group of people who had gotten together to find out what life was all about. After a couple of years or so we discovered the importance of psychedelics as an exploratory tool for learning to understand life and so we began experimenting about that in 1960.

What were some of the non-psychedelic functions that were taking place at that time?

We were exploring the reaches of the human mind, the possibility of the survival of death of the human personality, the possibility of communicating with the survived personality, the function of what's called spiritual healing. We were asking what is God? What is life and why are we here? Where do we come from? Like most groups we got into things like reincarnation and spirit communication -- all of these things being steps toward a greater dimension in life than we are ordinarily aware of in the physical world. This is the metaphysical world as Plato called it.

Are those same questions being asked in the Church today?

- There are many people in the Church of the Awakening who are interested in exploring some of these things. Personally, I'm not interested because if you work through an interest and get your answers you don't have to stay there, but in our travels we have been meeting with groups of people who are exploring these areas.

Has the introduction of the psychedelic drugs changed the orientation?

No, I don't think so. It opens a door to a further dimension. You see, we have the physical world which everybody knows and thinks is the ultimate reality, but beyond that is the metaphysical world, the psychic world, the world of extra-sensory perception, in which those who lose their bodies go on and live in a psychic world which is just as real as the real world to them. But beyond that is what I would call the spiritual world, which includes all of these others. It's not a matter of going from a lower plane to a higher one as far as I'm concerned. It's a matter of expanding our awareness, as it were. First we're aware of the obvious physical, sensual world; but we can increase our awareness through an increase in perception to include the psychic world. It's an enlarged sphere and the spiritual world is a dimension beyond but including all these.

The hardest to reach, perhaps?

Well, in some ways, yes, but only because we think it is the hardest to reach. It's with us all the time. You see, there is an urge in every man to look for something, but he doesn't know what he's looking for. This is the way life is set up, this is the game. If at first we think we can have a lot of money, or a lot of friends, or political power, or status or whatever the establishment is working for -- and most of the people, including the people who reject the establishment, they're looking for their own establishment which they think will be better, and hopefully it might be, but they're still looking within the physical framework -- then after we accumulate whatever it is that we think we want, we find out that isn't it. Whether it is things or status or ideas and so forth.

What happens when the person has attained the spiritual level?

Well, as the Buddha said, you don't attain anything because it was there all the time, but we're looking for something out there when it is really in here, and what we're looking for is the looker, which is a real neat twist to it. We never think of looking for the looker but we're looking for something out there; but the guy who is doing the looking is the one we're looking for.

The exploration of the self then?

Yes, and it's there all the time, so that it is really nothing to achieve. It's literally true what the Buddha said that when he achieved perfect enlightenment he didn't achieve anything.

What is the socio-economic background of the members of the Church?

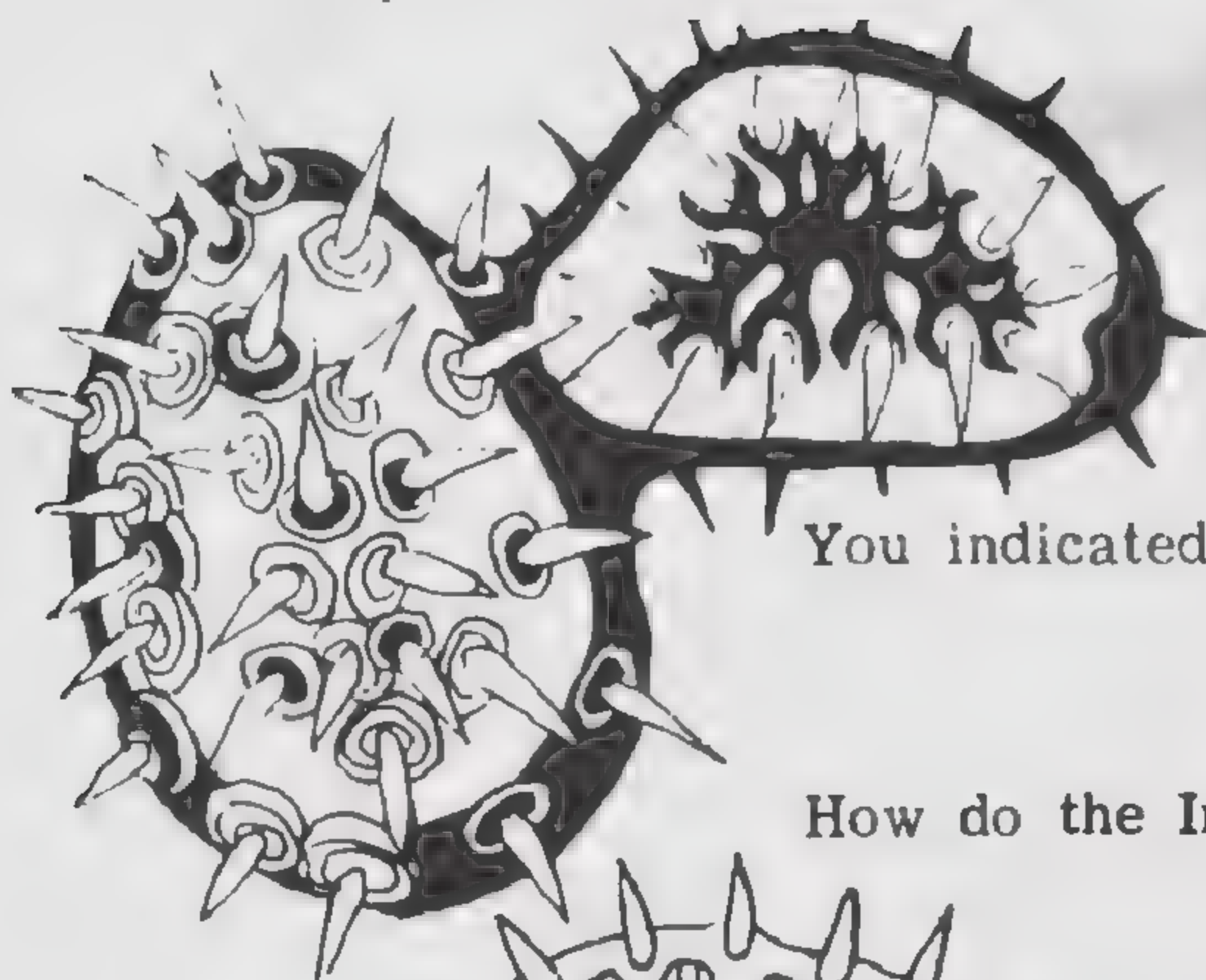
A cross-section of the population, I would say. We have fewer of the so-called hippie groups, I think, because of the fact that we made it clear that we're not there just to promote the use of psychedelics, and most of them, that's all they're interested in.

Dr. Aiken, you're a man of some 66 years. What do you think of the younger generation?

They have the same problems that I had when I was younger. They're looking for something and rejecting. They're a little more aware than my generation that material things don't provide the answer, but that's the only difference that I can see. They don't know what will provide the answer and they're just as mixed up as anybody. They think they'll find the answer in lots of sex, you know. Free sex, if they can have that, and lots of LSD -- then they'll have it made. But again these are not it either, any more than money or political or social status is the answer. It's another red herring across the trail. It's another game to play, another area to explore, but it's not the final answer by any means. And so I would encourage them to play their game and find out that it's not the answer. That's the only way they will believe it.

What are some of the legal problems that the Church is fighting and dealing with?

At first we really didn't have any legal problems. We were using peyote and mescaline and a little LSD before it became illegal for sacramental purposes with people who were carefully screened -- for which we were criticized by some of the young folks who thought that they should have the right to do anything they wanted to, any time, anywhere. It's a good theory, but it really doesn't work out practically. If you want to get the best results from anything you



You indicated that the federal law has prohibited the use of peyote, but not with the Indians?

The Indians of the Native American Church use peyote. The other Indians can't -- legally, that is.

How do the Indians feel about that?

Well, not all Indians are peyote eaters. We met with some Indians in Taos, New Mexico -- Taos Pueblos. There are about 1500 Indians there. There is a big, four-story building that will house over 1500 people, that was built over 1000 years ago. One of the Indians said that when they first brought the peyote to the Taos Pueblo the other Indians thought that they were a bunch of hippies, and reported them to the federal authorities for using narcotics. But now he said that most of the tribal offices are held by us peyote people. Because the peyote people are a more sober group and not in any way violent or subversive. Most of them are Indians who have a great deal of insight. Not all of them -- Indians are people too, you know.

What was the screening process that you mentioned for psychedelics users in the Church?

I was lecturing in Los Angeles four or five years ago and somebody came up and said, "I don't have time to fool with prayer and meditation and all this stuff; I want to come and have a psychedelic experience with you and get there." I said no, I don't think you could get much out of it with that attitude. On the other hand, a woman came to me and said, "You know, I've been a student for 30 years trying to find out what life is all about. I spent 3 years in India, I spent a year as a renunciate in the self-realization center in Los Angeles, and I think maybe this might help me." I said OK, come on, fine.

I have been under the impression that the Church put peyote on a plane by itself because it was a natural psychedelic. Is this true?

No, we haven't done this. I don't feel that it's true. I think that it's the safest psychedelic because you're not likely to take an overdose of it. With LSD you can take any amount; even if a couple of hundred micrograms is effective (which it is for most people), somebody will take two or three thousand micrograms. One man that I heard of took 30,000 micrograms. Well, peyote has a built-in safety factor that the others don't have.

How would you like to see legislation read in dealing with psychedelics?

I think it is nonsense to make possession a crime of any one of these things. I think that there should be severe punitive legislation for misuse of any of these things, including alcohol.

How do you compare the Church of the Awakening with the Neo-American Church?

From what I have seen, there is no basis for comparison-- unless you consider general impressions of people and the things that Art Kleps writes. Art is a psychologist and there are many psychologists who don't use what seems to me to be good psychology in their own personal relationships. When we decided that we would have to have some relationship with the establishment to get a law that would be favorable to use of sacrament, we felt that if we were going to have any status we were going to have to obey the law as it is and then work to have it changed. Art Kleps, on the other hand, while testifying before a senate committee here a couple years ago, said that if you put Tim Leary in jail or if you don't give us the right to use LSD, we'll turn the country upside down, fill the jails with LSD. If somebody threatens you, it doesn't prejudice you very much in his favor.

Do you think that the typical member of Suburbia Americana would be a good candidate for psychedelic drugs?

No, I don't think it would do the average American much good. One of our friends is a research psychologist at UCLA. He made quite a study in the use of LSD. He had a government grant under the NIMH. His conclusion was that people who were satisfied with the existence they had, with the material world, the chasing of dollars or dames or whatever it might be, probably would not get much out of the psychedelic experience. In fact, it might disturb them.

"Kubrick provides the viewer with the closest equivalent to psychedelic experience this side of hallucinogens!" —Time Magazine

"A fantastic movie about man's future! An unprecedented psychedelic roller coaster of an experience!" —Life Magazine

"Kubrick's '2001' is the ultimate trip!" —Christian Science Monitor



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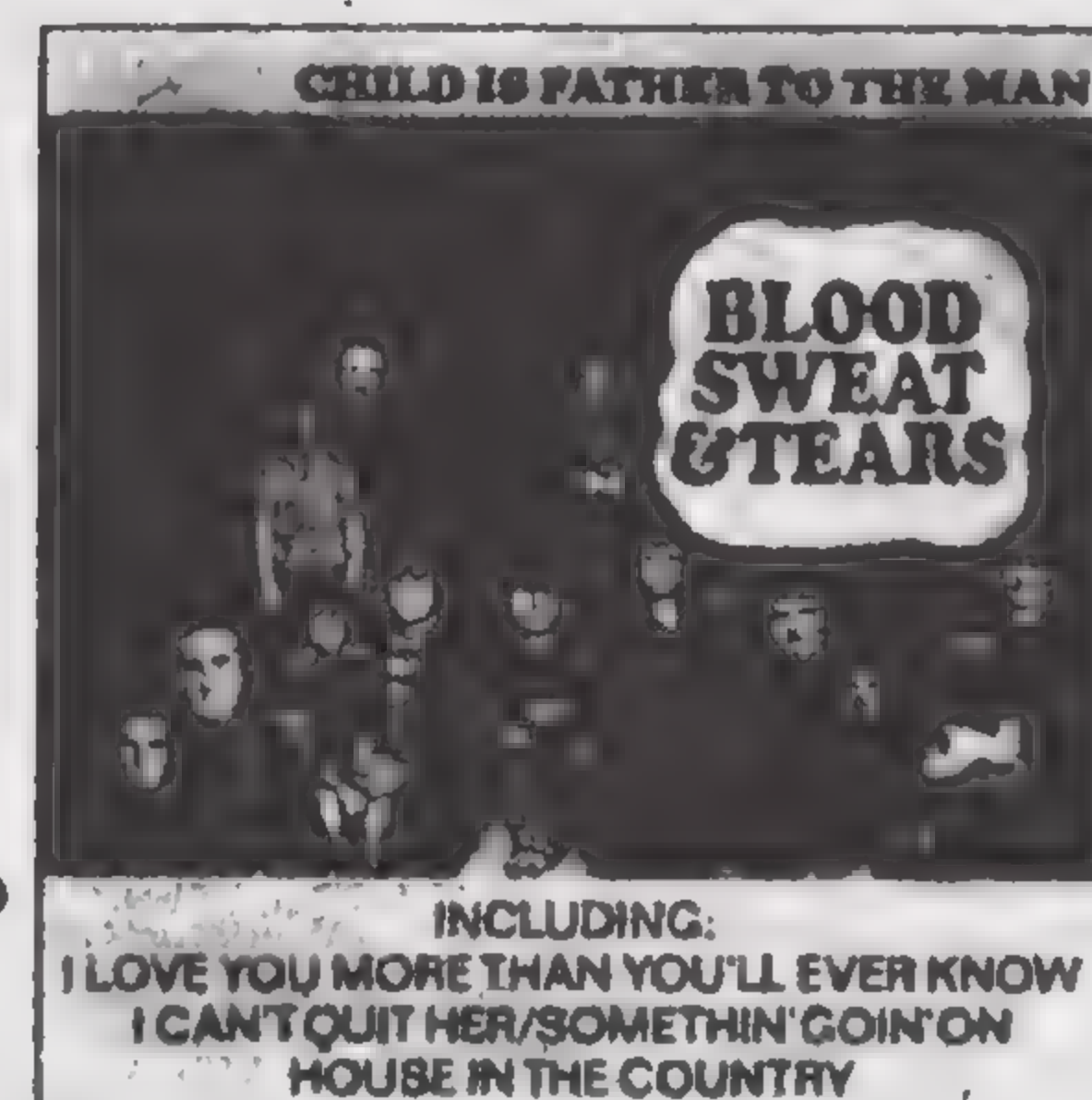
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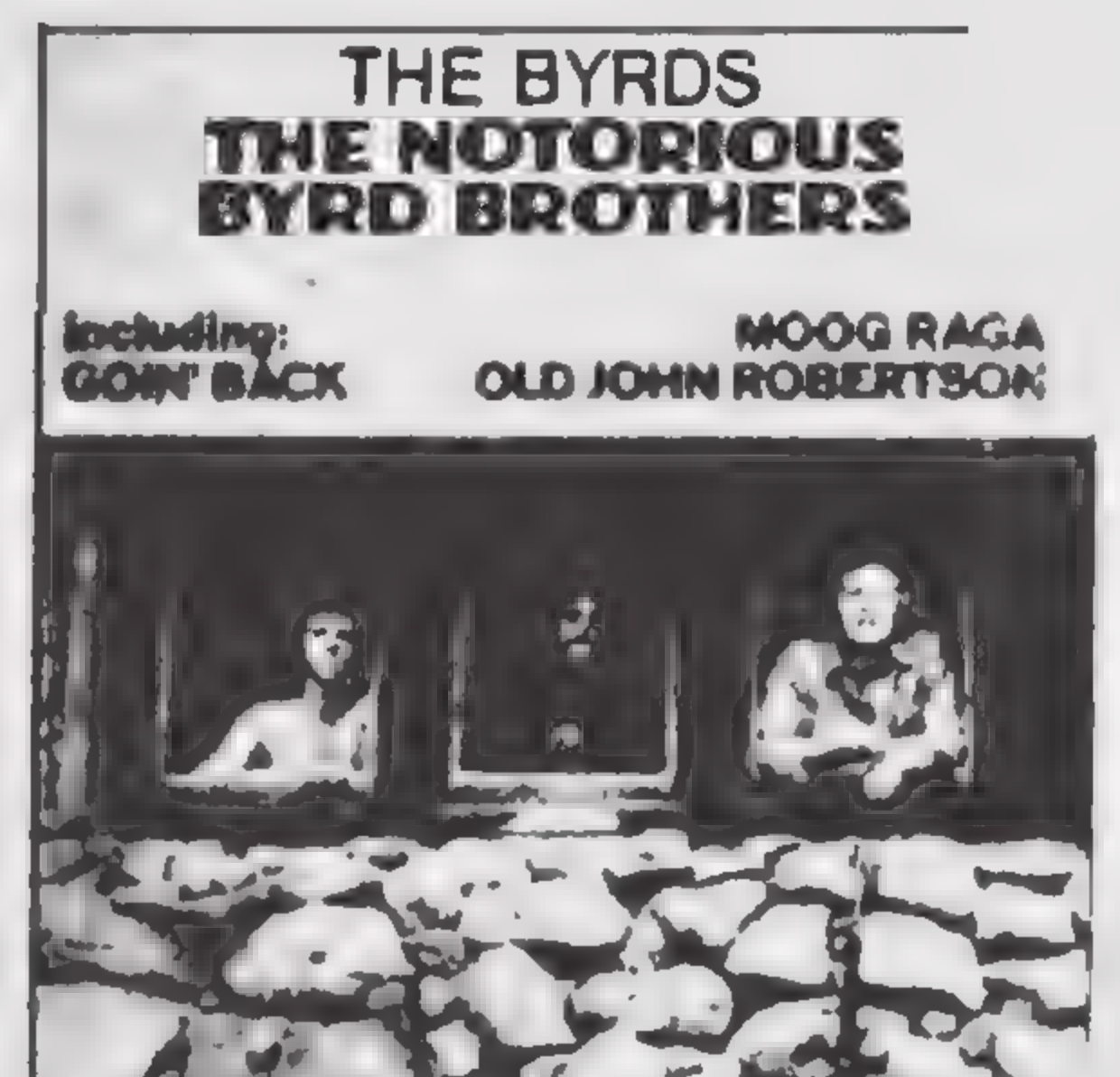


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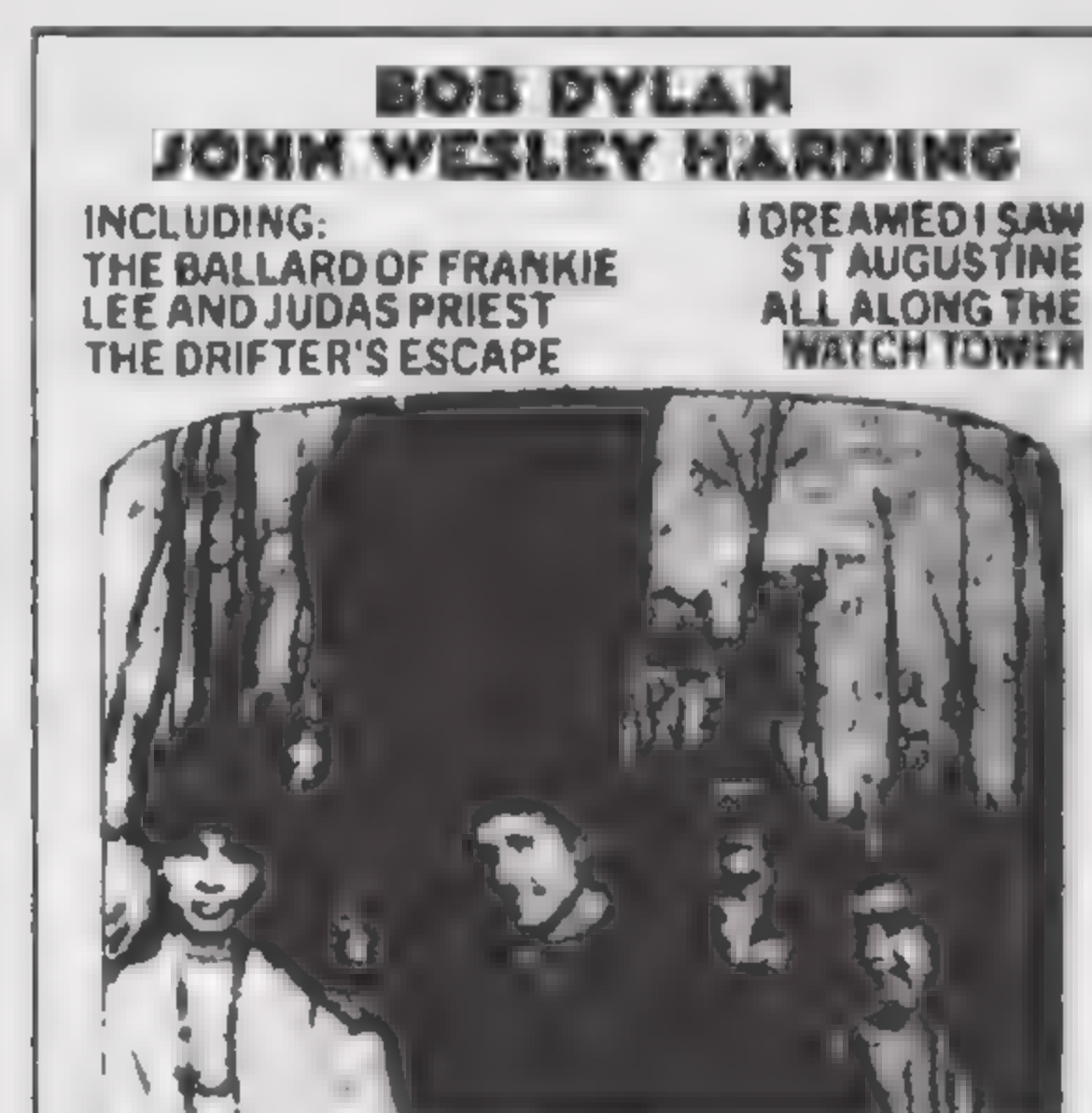
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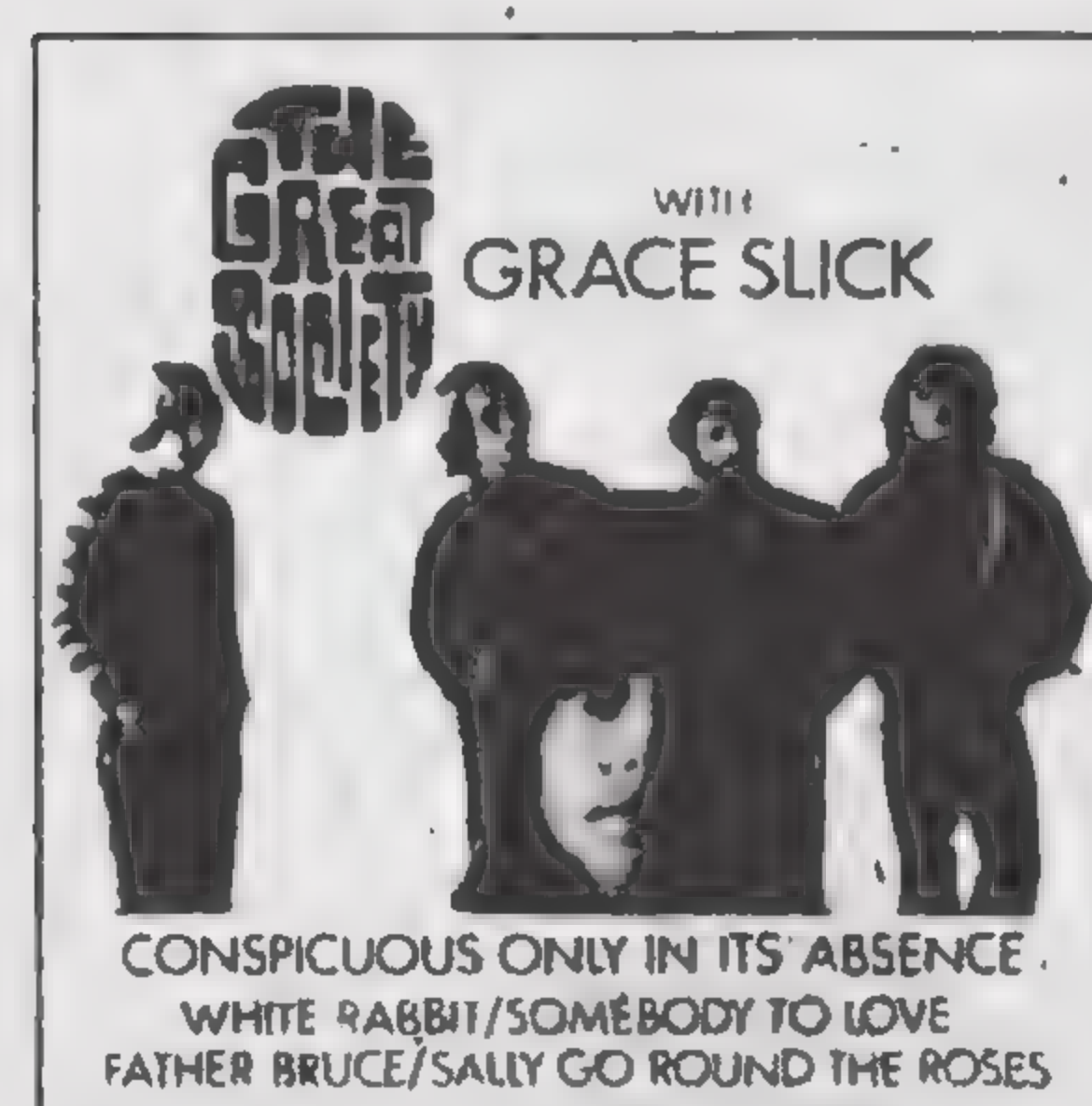
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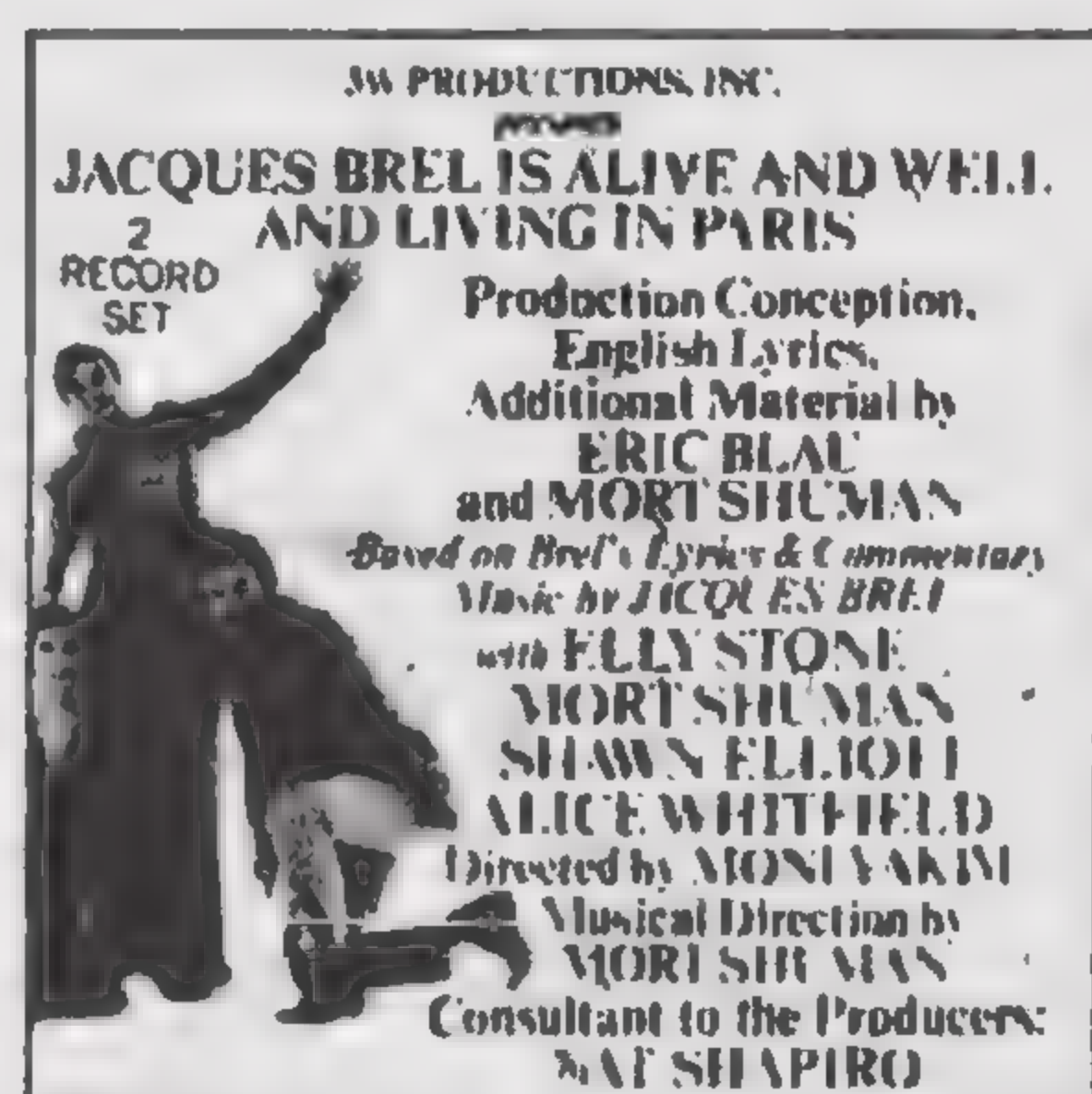
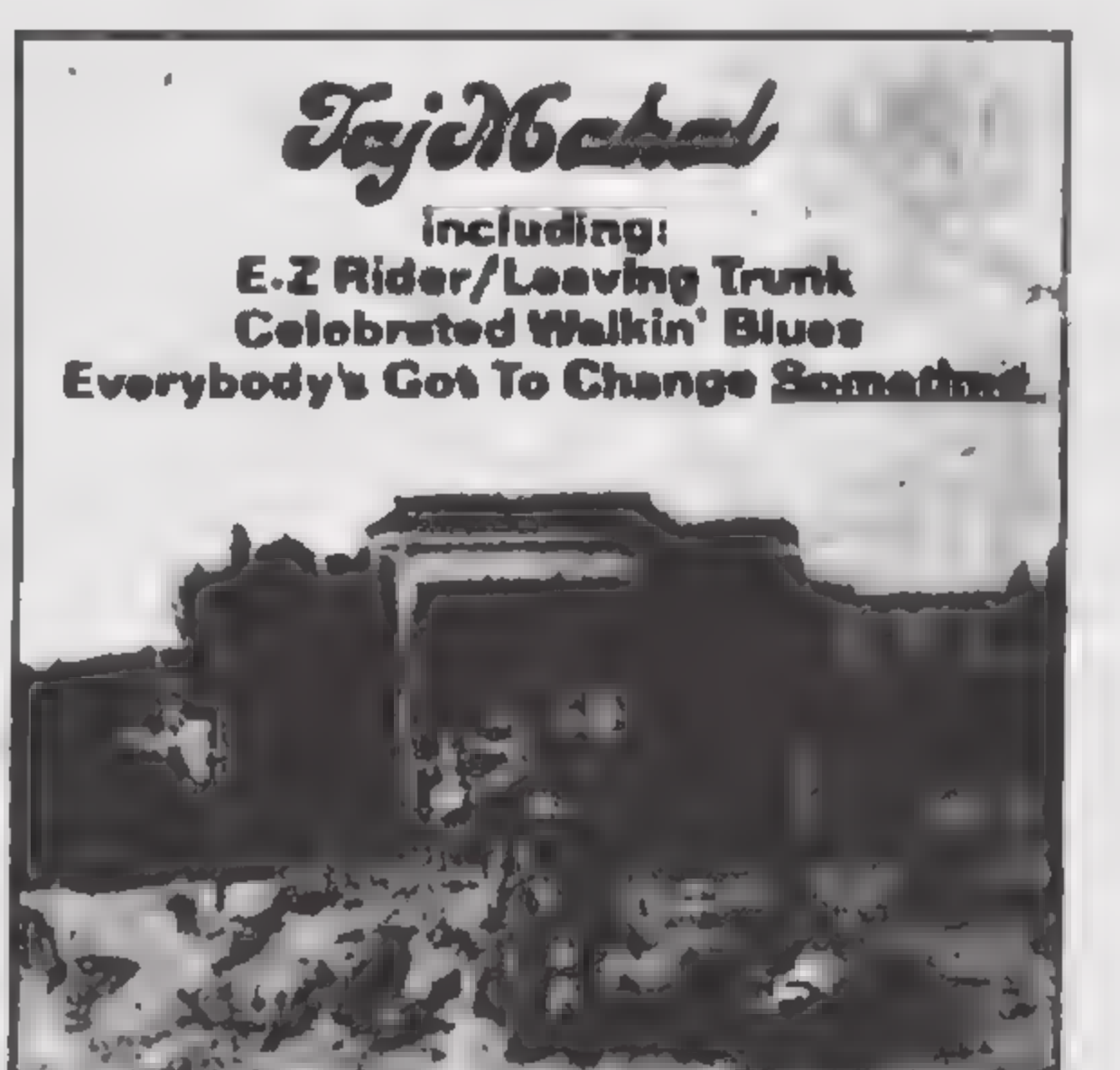
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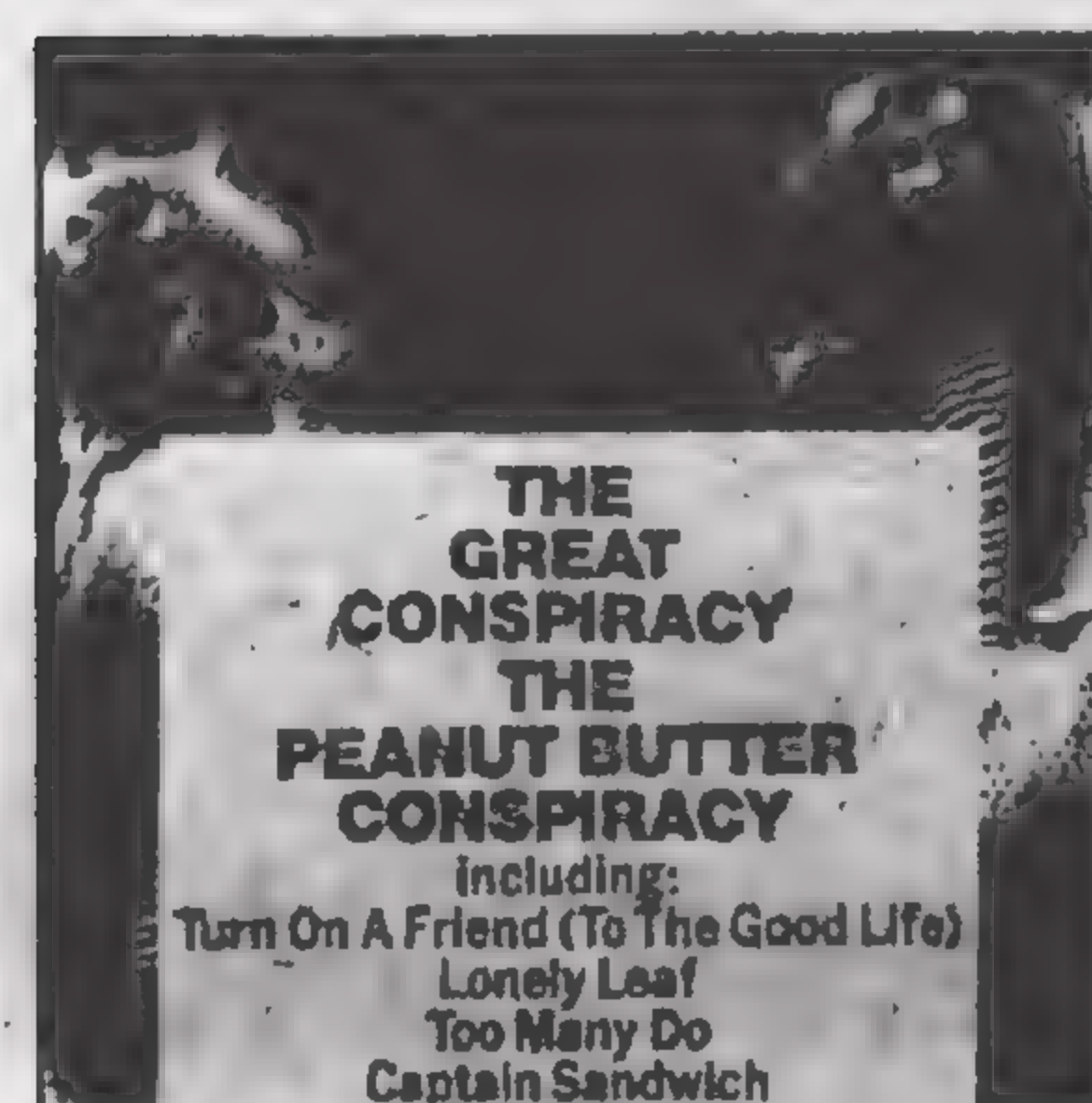
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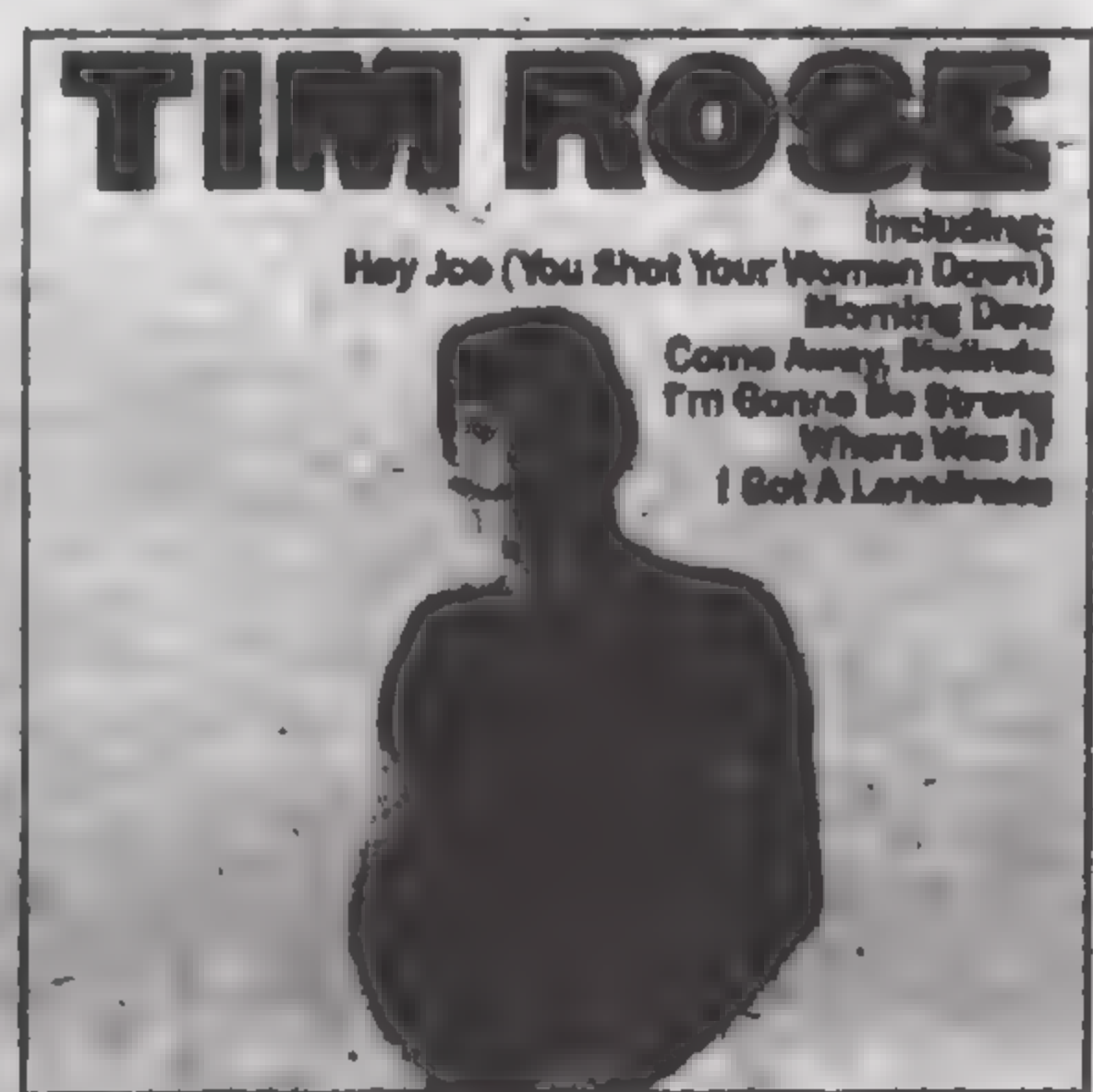
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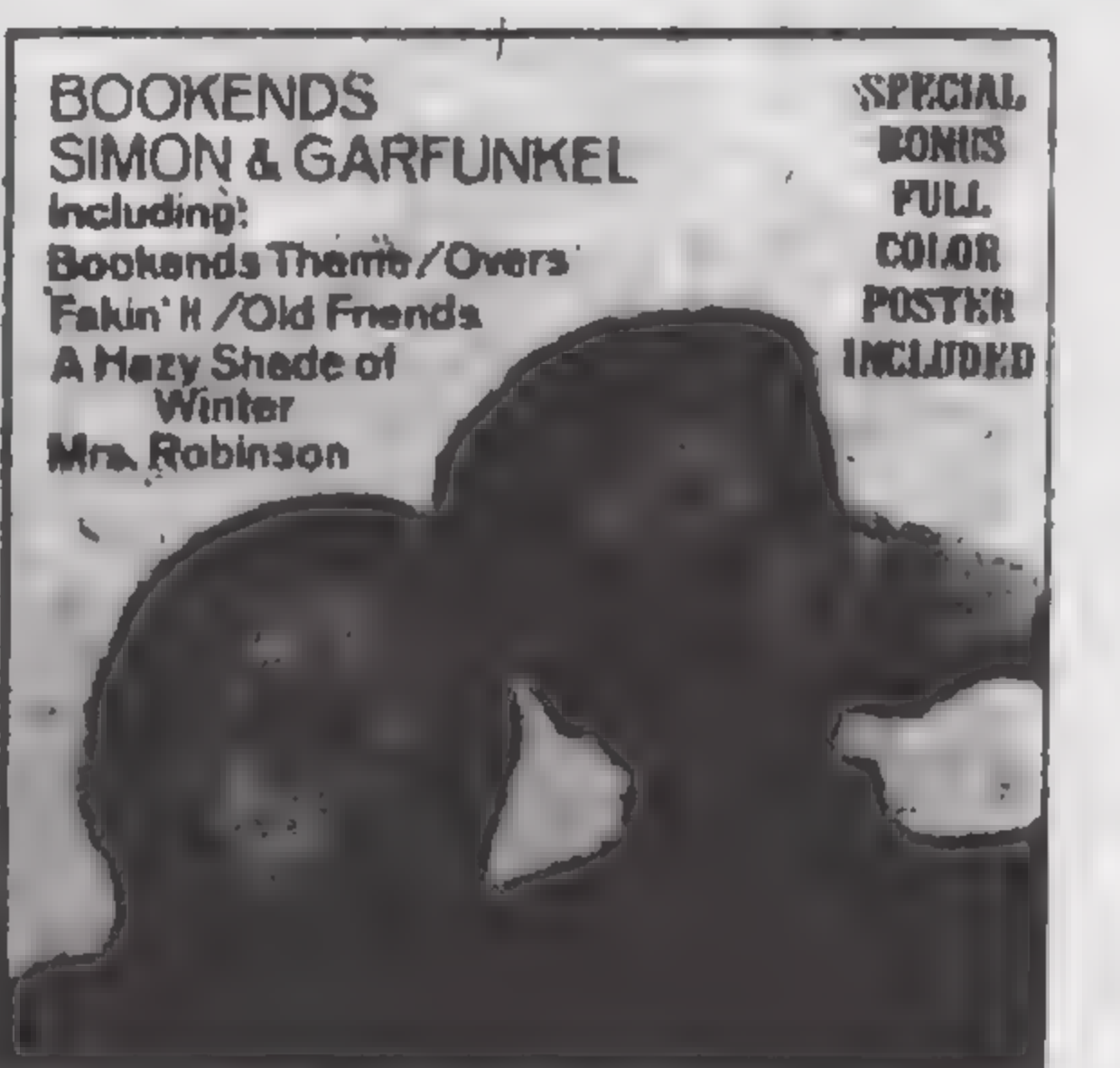
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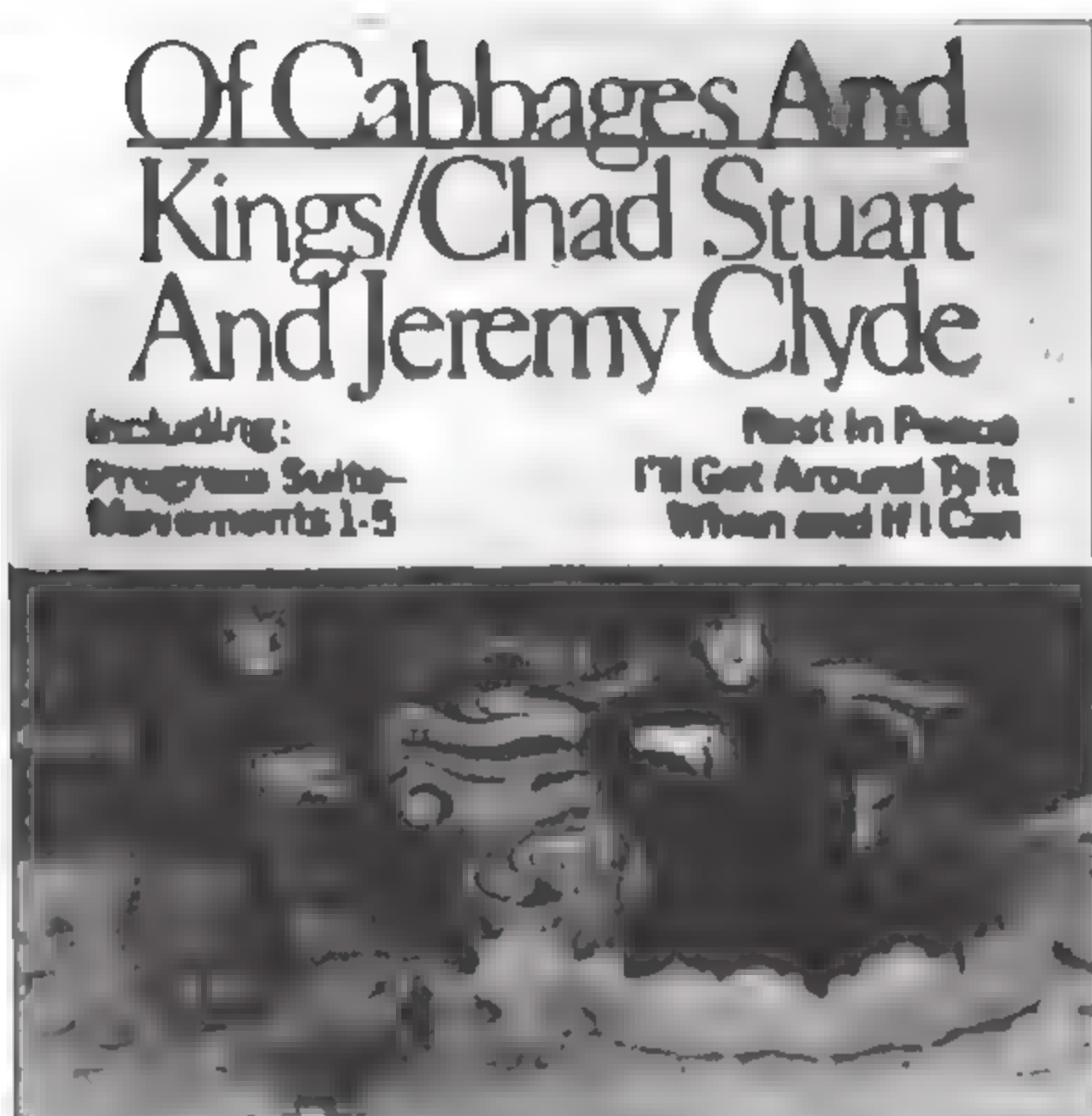


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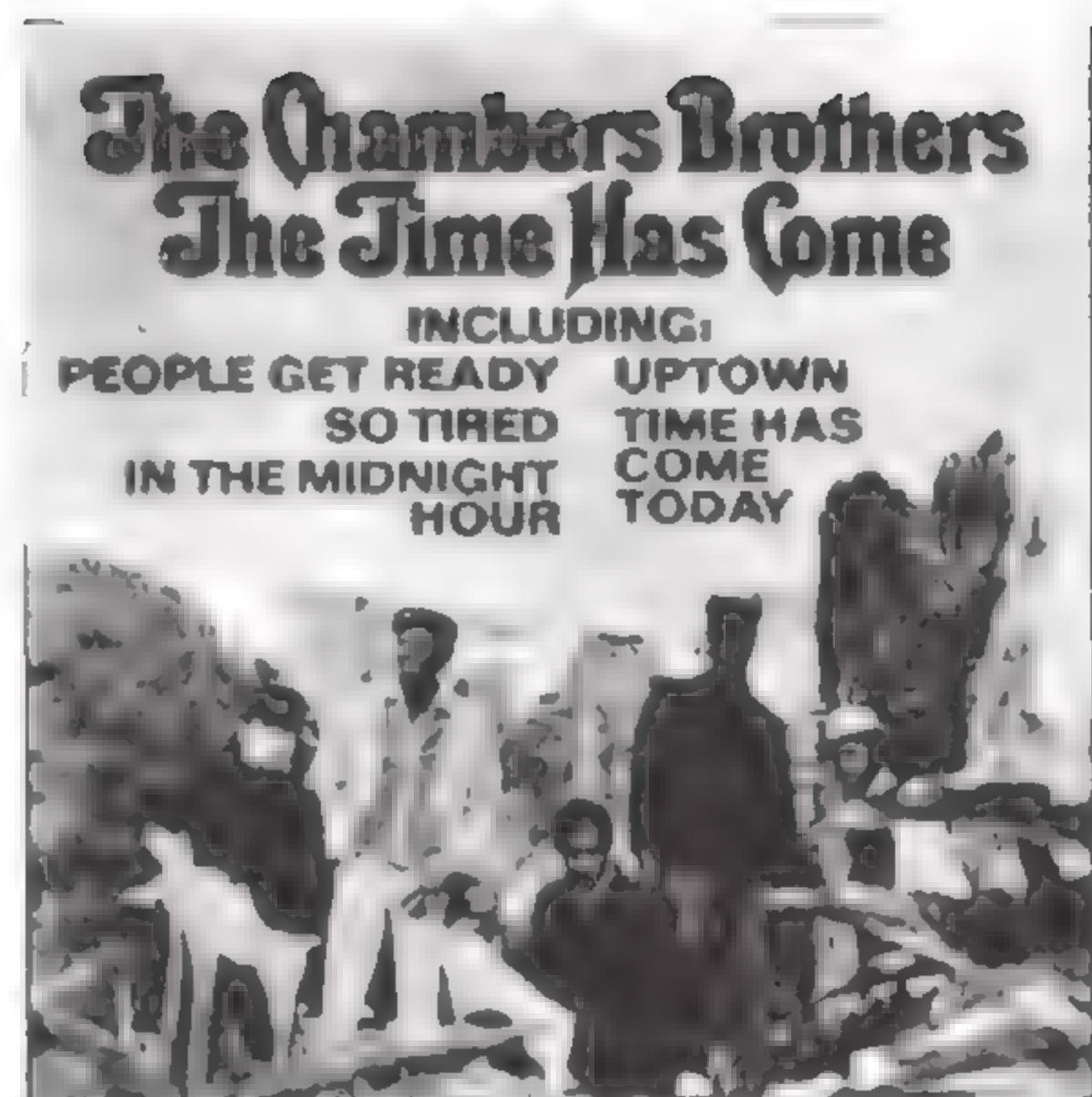


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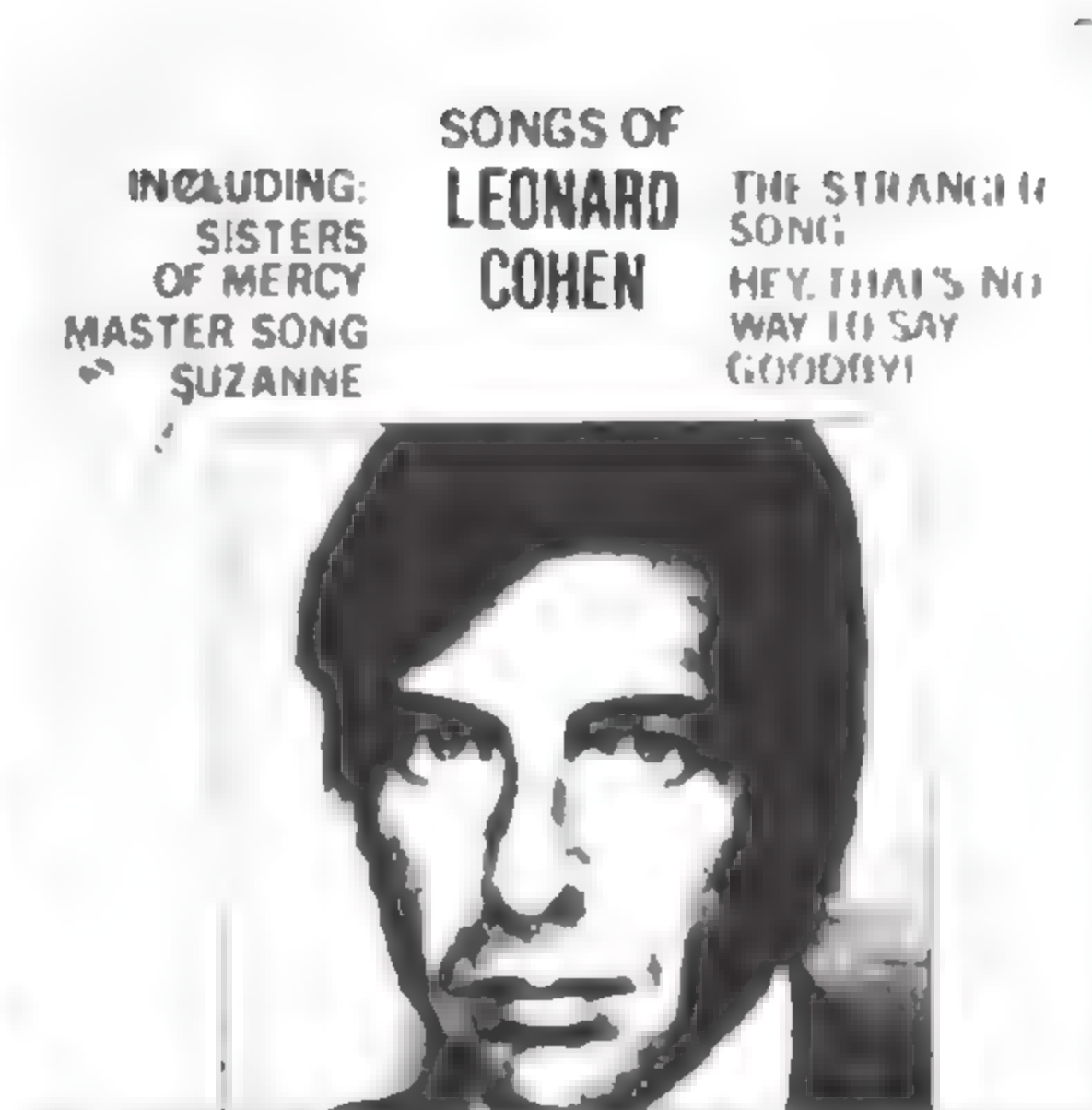
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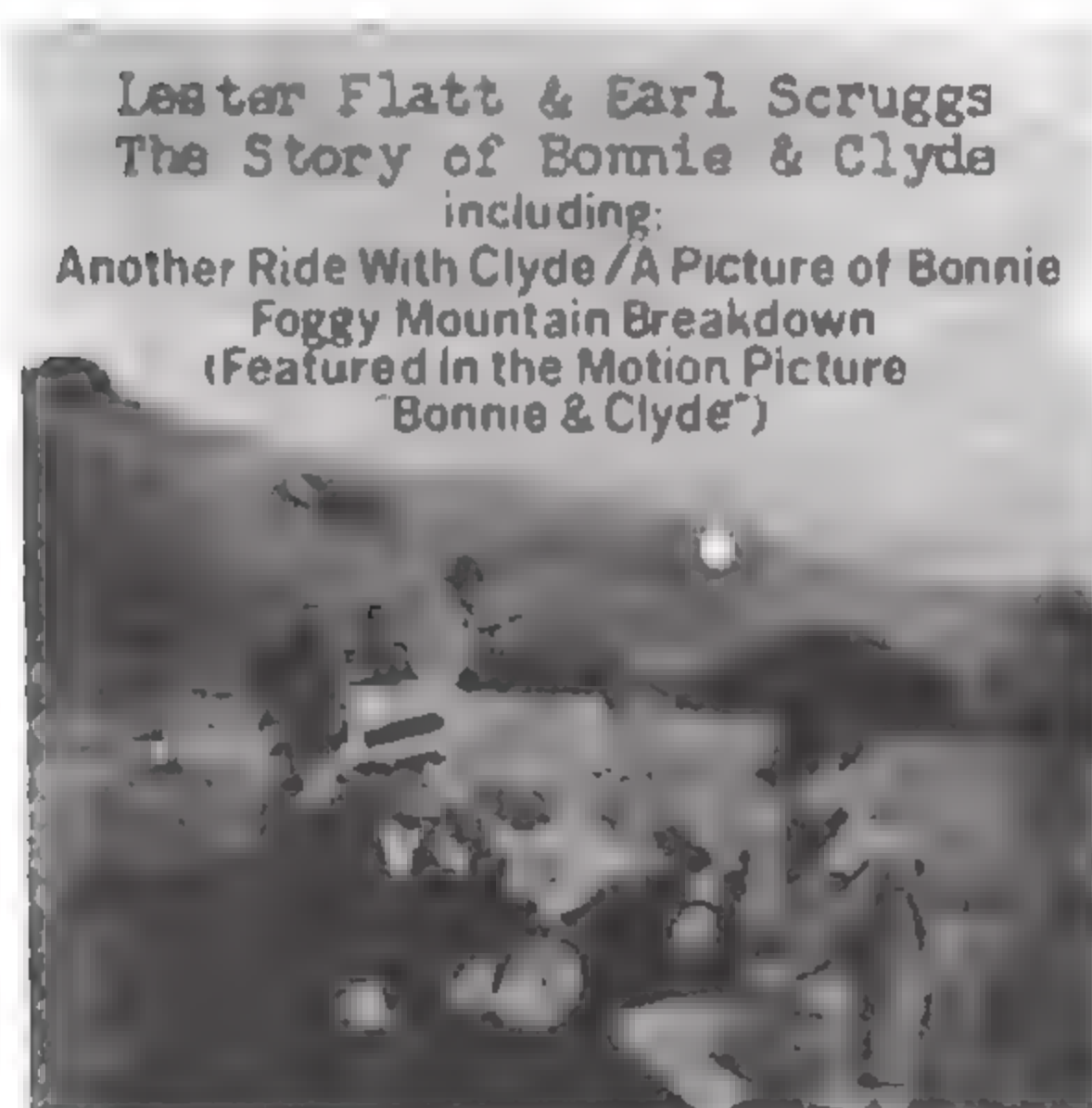
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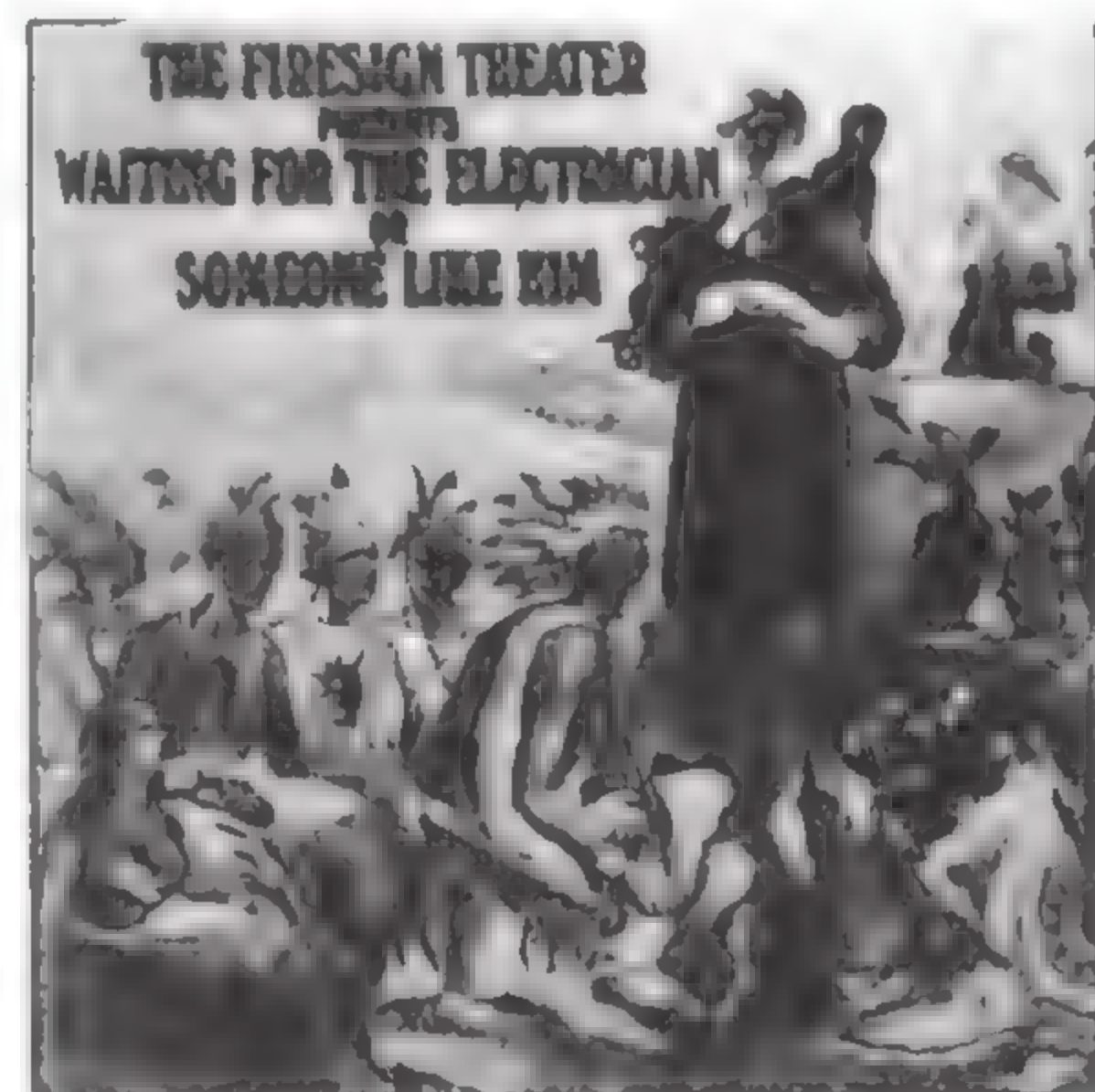
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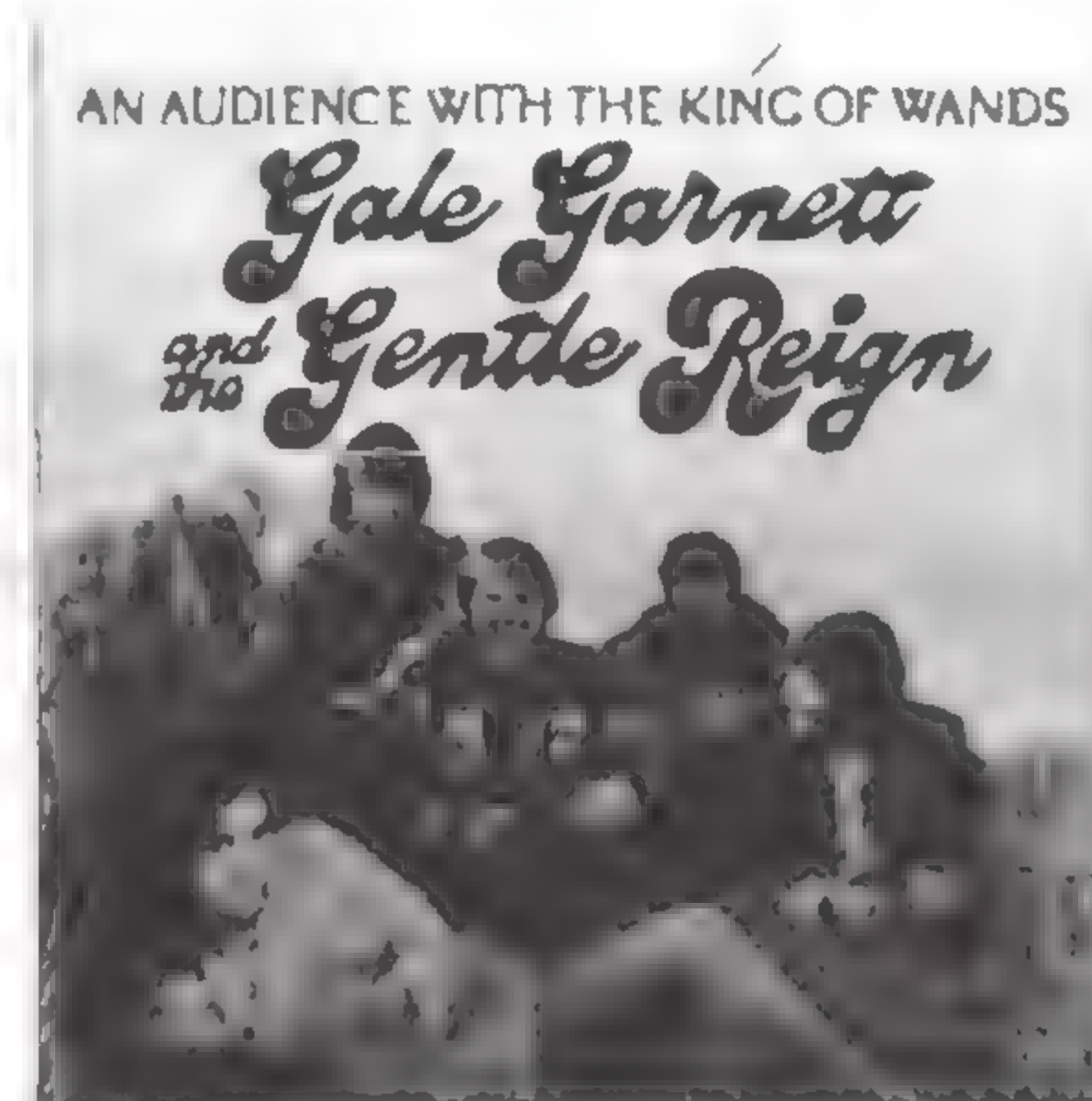
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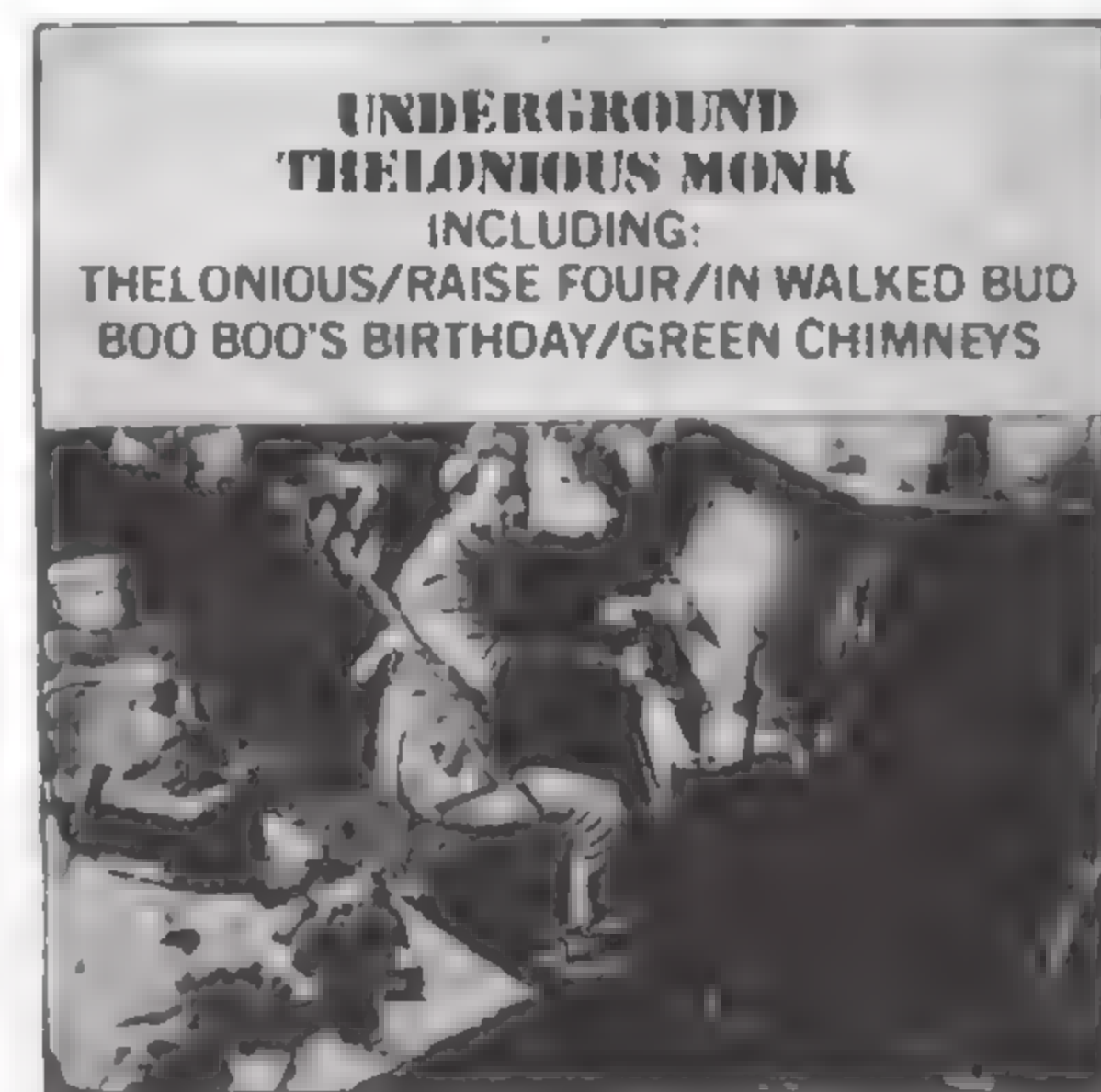
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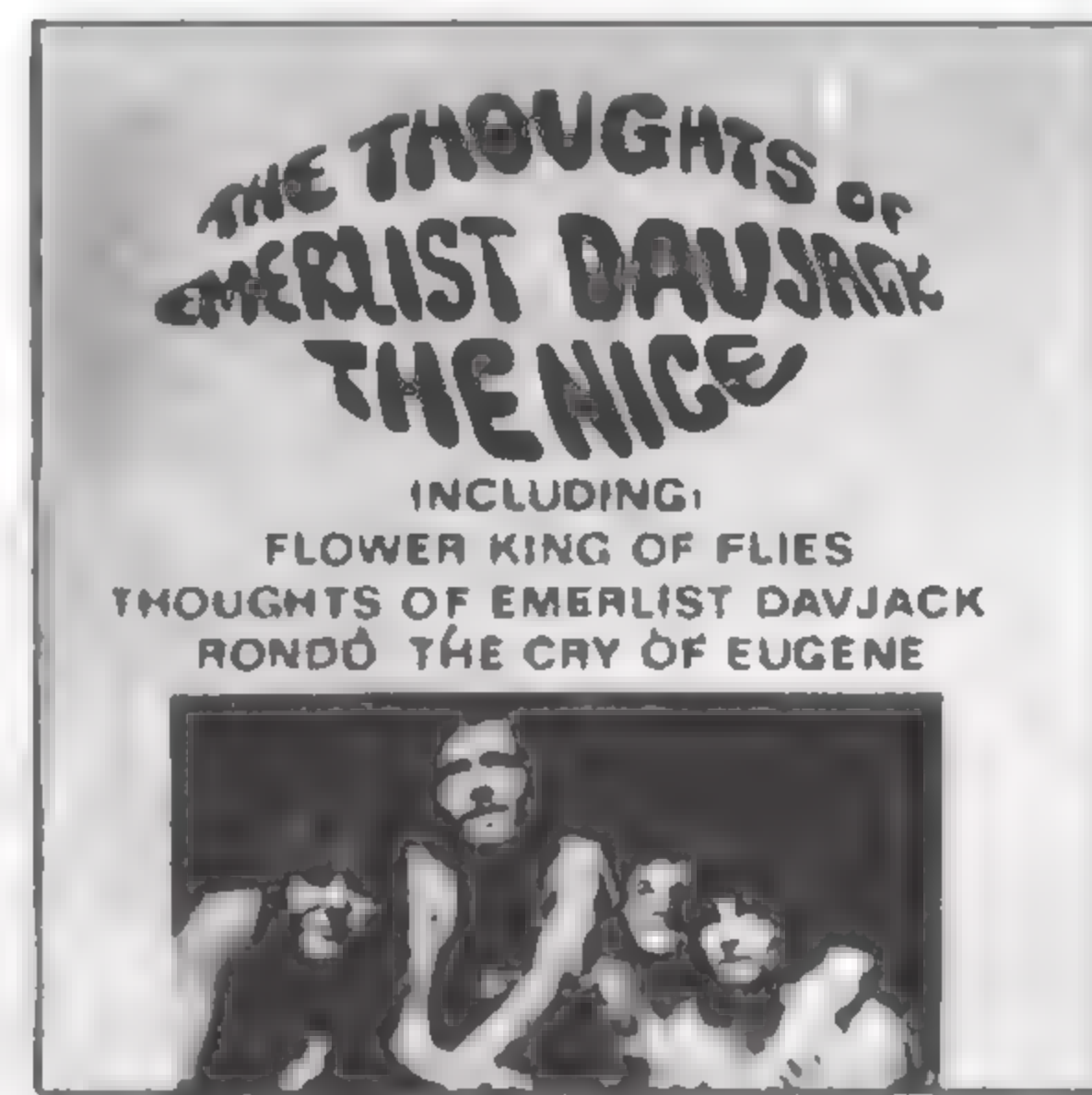
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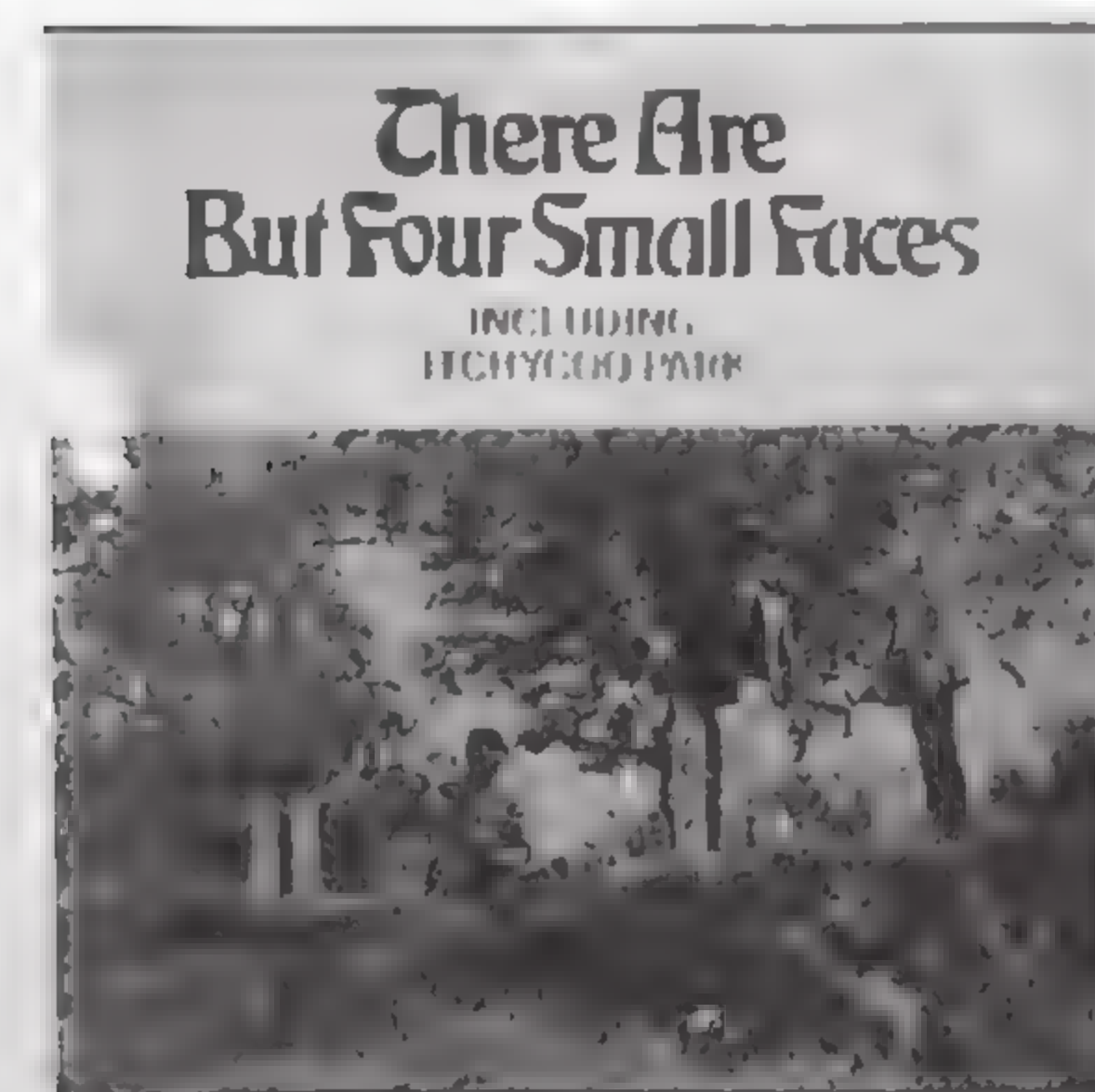
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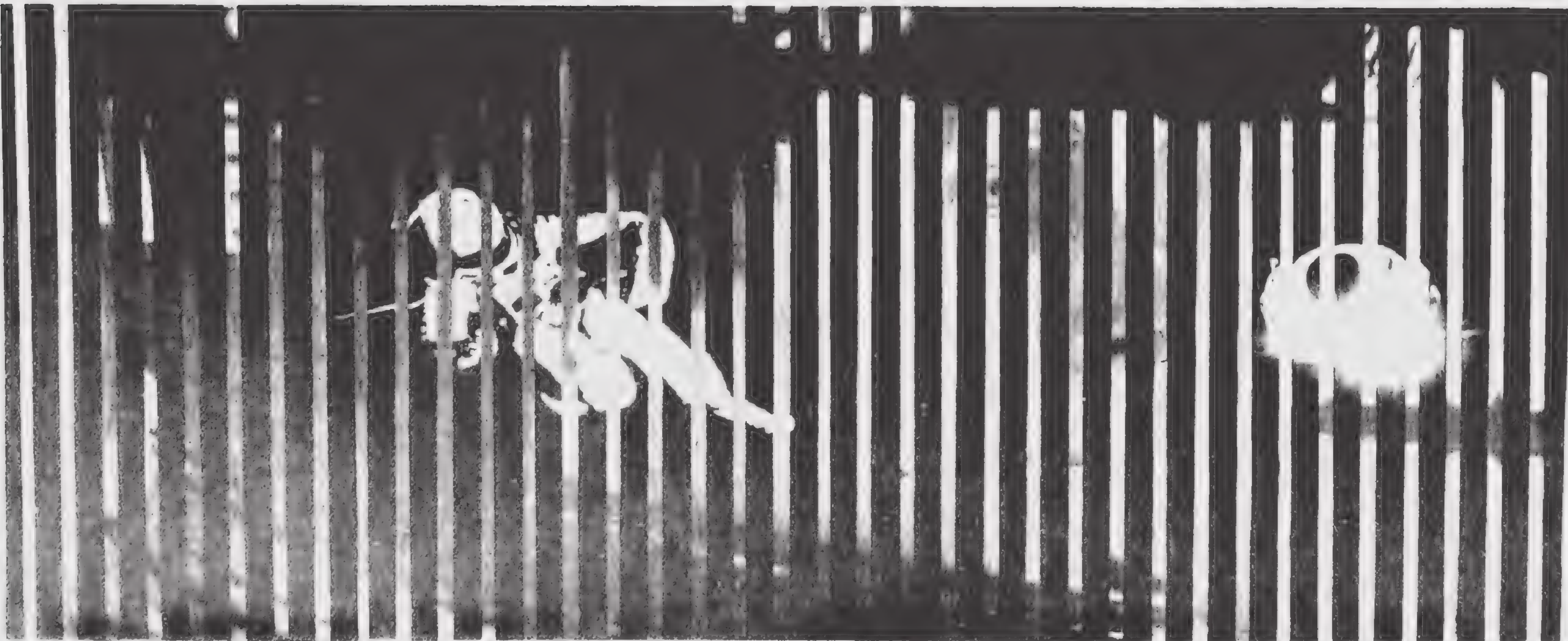
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Stanley Kubrick's "2001" A Masterpiece

GENE YOUNGBLOOD

The Los Angeles Free Press

Stanley Kubrick's "2001: A Space Odyssey" is a masterpiece. I do not use a word like that freely; I'm not exactly sure what it means. But there are times when no other description seems adequate, and this is one of those times.

It is an unspeakably beautiful motion picture, a triumph of surpassing technical mastery and probing thematic eloquence. It is everything we ever dreamed it could be. Everything and more. It belongs in the same league with Antonioni's "Red Desert," Godard's "Alphaville" and Emswiler's "Relativity." That's what I mean by masterpiece.

Expanded Cinema no longer is restricted to the underground. Imagine Gershfield's "Now the Buffalo's Gone," Jordan Belson's "Allures," John Whitney's "Lapis" and "Yantra," and the Griffith Park Observatory's Planetarium all combined in single-projection Cinerama and you have some idea what "2001" is like.

But the film is important far beyond its immediate mastery because, for once, we have a multi-million-dollar corporate investment, complete with Good Housekeeping Seal, which is at the same time a personal artistic statement and a serious exploration into the possibilities of cinema. The visions of Dr. Arthur C. Clarke, scientist-dreamer, and Stanley Kubrick, artist-filmmaker, are fused here with the economic power of the motion picture industry and the result is, I'm sure, what every underground movie-maker dreams of.

You sit there completely overwhelmed, numbed, staggered by what you're seeing. You try, but you can't guess how they did it. So you just relax and let it take you in. And when it has taken you in with technological achievements beyond your imagination, then it says something very meaningful and very beautiful.

When the curtain closes you sit for a moment collecting your wits. "2001" is similar, in structure at least, to the works of Herman Hesse: It begins one way and ends in an entirely different way, a conclusion you never would have suspected from the structure of the piece. Think of "Steppenwolf" for example: It begins slowly, ploddingly, mathematically, but at the end there has been a complete reversal, a total change, yet the turnaround seems an entirely logical conclusion of what has gone before.

yet there is an incredible twist of logic which suggests that man is only beginning to awaken and that, perhaps, we are toying with the Mystery of Life by probing the secrets of eternity. Thus this film is extremely metaphysical, of "heavenly bodies" with which Kubrick is concerned; in this context "surrealism" loses all meaning because our definition of "realism" begins to seem petty and insignificant. "2001" is Stanley Kubrick's interstellar morality play.

At the point when the primitive bone becomes the whirling space station, "2001" turns into a bravura display of filmic technology. During the last three years we've been reading articles about the secrecy which shrouded the production of the film in England; we've read how the actors refuse to discuss what went on behind closed doors, and how to this day Kubrick and Dr. Clarke will not divulge their methods in simulating weightlessness—if, indeed, it is only simulated; there are times you'd swear they actually created a centrifuge right there in the soundstage.

In any event, it is useless to attempt to describe with mere words what is so majestically, stupendously depicted in epic-sized images on that vast Cinerama screen. Somehow—through inventive use of perspective and very precise camera movement—the sensation of being suspended in outer space is overwhelming. Kubrick has had to completely re-invent montage and continuity in order to suggest the directionless anti-logical condition of the universe. Even though it is only a movie, and even though we are sitting in a theater under the effect of gravity, we soon are convinced that there is, in fact, no "up" or "down" and that "direction" is only relative. If you want to use terms like "psychedelic" or "total environment," I'd say that's what this movie is all about.

The music is "The Blue Danube Waltz" as the gargantuan cylindrical "Hilton Space Station No. 5" revolves serenely around the earth. It contains an entire city of activity, including such mundane facilities as Howard Johnson's Earthlight Room and appliances like an RCA Whirlpool Liquipack dispenser for ersatz space foods. "The Blue Danube" seems at first a rather trite attempt at suggesting the commonplace, effortless nature of space station travel in the year 2001. After the second and third times it's used, you become rather annoyed. But at the end you discover a more ominous, surrealistic meaning in Kubrick's inspired choice of this music along

with electronic sounds.

There are thousands of films—within-the-film, each a fascinating example of computer-electronic movies like those of the Whitney Brothers or UCLA's John Stehura. I'm talking about the tiny monitor screens and data processing equipment that clutter the visual surface of "2001" like a starburst of oscilloscopes. The staggering casualness of the film is what strikes one most: actors walk—or float—nonchalantly in almost (at one point) mystical. But have we forgotten that metaphysics and so-called "science fiction" are synonymous?

Furthermore, I don't think it reasonable to call this film "science fiction" anymore than we would think of James Bond movies as science fiction. "Metropolis" and "Things To Come" were considered science fiction at one time, yet the things they predicted—laser beams, rockets, helicopters—are commonplace today. Science, yes, but science-fiction, no, because ALL fiction is science-fiction today. And anyway, there is very little in "2001" that we would not consider feasible within the next decade or so.

The film opens with a prologue titled "The Dawn of Man," and it took me a few minutes to realize that the humanoid apes are not really monkeys but people. (This incredibly convincing sequence should dispel any misconceptions about the merit of "Planet of the Apes," a juvenile farce in comparison to "2001.") A metallic monolith buried in the prehistoric earth, obviously a product of advanced intelligence. One humanoid reaches up to touch the object, but withdraws timidly. Finally all the primitives huddle about the base of the totem-like monolith, a gesture which suggests all sorts of social concepts. Later there is a battle, with the apes using bones as clubs. A bone is hurled into the air, spinning in slow motion, and becomes a space station spinning slowly above earth. This is among the most valid allegorical transitions I have seen in the movies, a medium given to rather grandiose symbolism. As it turns out, "2001" is filled with allegories and metaphors, but they are brilliantly realized and do not seem in the least pretentious. It is not symbolism itself that we find offensive, but rather the vulgar and trite ways in which it commonly is used. Here it seems perfect.

A great deal of the power of these images is due to Kubrick's stylization, a formal arrangement of forms; and since he is dealing with the cosmos, a mathematical phenomenon, then his Des-

cartean imagery seems all the more valid and natural. For example, one haunting image is repeated throughout the film as a sort of metaphysical leitmotif: In deep space, we are suspended near a huge planet, its crest illumined by starlight. Suddenly another globe appears behind and directly in line with the first; and now, with a blinding starburst of light, a glowing sun rises behind the second planet, continuing the geometrical arrangement of "heavenly bodies." It is a timeless, unforgettable image which suggests, almost surrealistically, some higher order, some transcending logic far beyond human intelligence. And indeed it is precisely the notion and out of vast horizonless rooms which must have cost fortunes to construct but which appear on the screen only once, for a few seconds.

Not once can you detect strings or wires or mirror tricks or anything that might give a clue to the secret of Kubrick's magic. Everything is straightforward and simple: a man runs the inner circumference of a 360-degree cylinder; a woman steps into a circular room which then turns 180-degrees, leaving her upside-down, and she calmly walks out. Cut, and the following shot is right-side-up with her leaving the cylinder. Our directional orientation, at least as it relates to the screen, is destroyed.

But technical mastery is not the chief point of the film, and that in itself is a strength. A lesser filmmaker almost certainly would have displayed his technical innovations blatantly, making the film "about" gadgetry and spectacular effects (this, in fact, is what always has defeated science-fiction movies). Instead, Kubrick uses his brilliant techniques only to set us up for the real message, only to increase the impact of the film's ultimate statement.

One of those metallic monoliths—exactly the same as the monkeys found four million years earlier—is discovered on the moon. Scientists determine that it is, in fact, four million years old and that it projects a radio signal to Jupiter. Thus the "story" of the film is the quest for knowledge as represented by the mysterious monolith.

A sub-theme is introduced during the long voyage toward Jupiter, with Gary Lockwood and Keir Dullea as the only conscious members of the flight. The other crew members are being preserved in a state of suspended animation, or "hibernation," in tomb-like containers. A computer which not only "thinks" but also "feels," runs the

ship with the help of the two men.

And so Kubrick introduces his man-vs-machine statement, a valid one though he ventures very close to pretension and preciousness. The electronic brain, with Big Brother eyes in every compartment and a universal "voice" which can be heard everywhere, malfunctions—whether by decision or by accident is not made clear. In any case, the machine kills Lockwood and the hibernating crew, and ultimately is destroyed by Dullea.

And then comes the incredible denouement, the wordless final half-hour of the film which becomes a tour-de-force display of abstract cinema and surrealist imagery as powerful and inventive as any I've seen in the so-called "underground" or anywhere else.

Alone in his tiny space-pod, Dullea hurtles through the Milky Way, through endless seas of space vapor and space dust, and finally through the mysterious cloudy shroud of Jupiter. All I can say is you've never seen anything like it. When I first saw "Now the Buffalo's Gone" I wondered what it would be like in Cinerama. Well, "2001" is it.

I have never seen a so-called "psychedelic" film or mixed-media light show that could compare with the colossal impact of this sequence. Perhaps "2001" will introduce techniques of abstract Expanded Cinema to a much wider audience than the Cinematheque-16 ever could. In any event, there is no doubt in my mind that Expanded Cinema is the art of the future.

Finally comes the incredibly beautiful sequence which Times critic Charles Champlin did not understand and which he found "deliberately obscure." Dullea, wrinkled and old, finds himself in a strange Colonial room with a luminous floor. Seated at a table eating is still another image of himself, this time even more wrinkled and older. This image looks toward the bed, in which is lying an even older image of Dullea—so old and emaciated, in fact, that he incredibly resembles the humanoid apes in "The Dawn of Man." This primitive creature reaches out timidly with his palsied hand and we see the huge metallic monolith standing in the middle of the room.

Suddenly there is that timeless image of the two globes with the sun bursting over them, and the old humanoid creature has transformed into a foetus with huge eyes drifting through space as one tiny element of the cosmos. The space traveler has discovered the secret of life, the essence of the cosmos, and thus obliterates himself.

Ten Years

Jefferson Place Gallery
"Ten Years:"

Paintings selected by Jim Harithas, Director, Corcoran Gallery of Art and Walter Hopps, Director, Washington Gallery of Modern Art.

July 16-August 3.

by
Suzanne Fields

Washington is a political town--that means lots of rhetoric but little aesthetic. The architecture and interior design reflects this sensibility. Although it's the capital of the United States, there is not a public building in this city designed by an important American architect, and painting hangs mainly in museums. The latest Senate Office Building looks like a set for "Samson and Delilah" whose only raison d'être should be total destruction. Large cornucopias decorate the steps.

Generally the art in the homes and offices of Washington officialdom is motel modern or imitation impressionist. Who cares what kind of picture you put bugging device behind? Despite this city's ruthless neglect of its artists, there has grown up in Washington a small group of artists who seriously consider their craft. Some of these painters and sculptors can be seen in a group who presently at the Jefferson Place Gallery. The show celebrates the gallery's ten year anniversary. It makes clear that despite a hostile society, fine art can flourish as long as the artist believes in himself and there are some people around to encourage and support him.

Kenneth Noland, who long ago split from this metropolis of philistines to reach out for New York, is the most well known painter in this show. His canvas (1959) comprised of colored rectangles of blue, white, and yellow, enclosed with a soft circle of grayish-white. It is not only beautiful in its execution, but provides a focus for discussing some of the best Washington painters. His images are structured by color rather than the geometric forms they develop, and a whole school of colorist painting developed here. Howard Mehring, Tom Downing, Gene Davis, Paul Reed, and Sam Gilliam display paintings in this show which exhibit a primary concern with color.

Howard Mehring's painting (1959) has a pale all-over design of color puffs which suggest an extension beyond the frame, opening the imagination to an infinity of subtle color. The apparent simplicity of the soft, muted texture almost makes one forget the sensitive skill and controlled care Mehring has with the tools of his medium. Tom Downing's painting of small colored circles on a grid brilliantly exemplifies one of his most inventive periods.

Gene Davis reveals various color relationships through stripes. One got a better idea of Davis' work from the recent show at the Washington Gallery of Modern Art where two new paintings, "Raspberry Icicle" and "Junkie's Curtain" absorbed

the spectator sensually and emotionally: a surprising energy seemed to be generated from the colored lines of the canvas. Although the Jefferson Place Gallery shows four small paintings done in 1959, which project a much looser conception of color and line, Davis almost appears monomaniacal in his interest in stripes over a ten year period. But there is method not madness in his work. Davis' paintings have been described as exemplifying Stravinsky's comment, "The more constraints one imposes, the more one frees one's self of the chains that shackle the spirit." In a sense, the spirit of Davis' paintings is released through color which is dynamically invigorating, though repetitive, in its aesthetic approach.

The room to be "turned on" in at the Jefferson Place Gallery is on which contains a four sectioned painting by Sam Gilliam. Gilliam's earlier paintings were hard edge stripes, but now the structuring seems positively psychedelic. One swims in a room of exquisite color, finely and subtly formed by folds in the canvas where paint was soaked, stained, poured, and dripped. Small flecks of paint remind us of the painting's surface reality, but the painting gorgeously creates its own super-reality.

Sheila Isham's painting of soft yellows and greens has a pleasing celestial quality of floating circles which seem suspended in a spatial galaxy. And Blaine Larson punctuates the show with humor. A small, elongated, biomorphic shape with color splotches suggests whimsical ideas in free association ranging from "penis" to "paramecium."

With four right-angled plexiglass triangles meeting a square at the base creates a magnificent piece of sculpture; monumental at the same time that it is allusive. It suggests a small room with transparent walls. We not only see through it but can walk into it. The viewer can define himself in relation to the sculpture externally at the same time that he can physically place himself against it. This geometric form forces the spectator to consider spatial relationships both imaginatively and concretely. And it is made with precision. Krebs' use of modern material and tool to express his artistic view, reminded me of Lewis Mumford's comment on art and techniques:

"Where both aims, the aesthetic and the technical, were pursued together, it had the happy result of producing a harmonious relation between the subjective and the objective life, between spontaneity and necessity, between fantasy and fact." On a smaller scale, Colin Greenly's black concentric circular shapes in plastic also show a meticulous use of new material. What is special about the Krebs' piece is not only its formal organization, but its interaction with the spectator, its statement of fact, its reflected images, its multiplicity of views.

This show is a show that can awaken Washingtonians to recent advances in contemporary art by local artists. It provides a spectrum of quality... go see it... swim and interact.



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A REVIEW BY SUZANNE FIELDS A REVIEW BY SUZANNE FIELDS A REVIEW BY SUZANNE FIELDS A REVIEW BY SUZANNE FIELDS A REV

Jean-Luc Godard's latest film *La Chinoise* is created out of contradictions. Each idea about art, politics, life, is presented simultaneously with its opposite idea. In fact, the movie is as boring as it is exhilarating, and at the same time. The first time I saw it I walked out before it ended; the second time I regretted it was over. It exudes beauty in rapid fire shots. It theorizes about the purity of Maoist politics while showing the absurdity of its absolutes in action. It uses techniques of the documentary as it reminds you in bold letters that you are watching "a film in the making!"

Life itself further complicates these issues. The film is about French young people who adhere to the theories of Mao-Tse-Tung in order to bring a revolution. One beautiful young girl from the Nanterre campus of the Sorbonne wants to destroy the French university structure. Exams make you "neurotic and sexually frustrated, a kind of revisionism because they favor those who study all the time."

Godard was making this film in March 1967. In May 1968 the Maoist students struck at Nanterre. Does Godard take his characters seriously or is he a curiously bemused and guiding father? Is he an intuitive art-

The five who practice changing their reality are Veronique, a student, Guillaume, an actor, Kirilov, a painter, Henri, a scientific logician, and Yvonne, a farm girl. They explain Maoism collectively and individually. They listen to radio Peking, hold seminars, and constantly quote from "The Little Red Book."

Mao says, "On Questions of literature and art we must carry on the struggle on two fronts." Veronique, the student, and Guillaume, the actor, are in love. They read together while the phonograph plays.

The logician passes through the room screaming, "We must carry on a struggle on two fronts." The actor says that it is too complicated to do two things at once. Veronique turns off the phonograph and simply confesses that she doesn't love him anymore. "So you understand? I don't love your hair any more, or your eyes, or your mouth. . . . I don't like the color of your sweaters. Now do you understand?" He was frightened for a moment. But he understands. She turns on the phonograph and they continue to read. Henceforth, he will be able to struggle on two fronts.

possibilities Mao's ideas offer drama. Theatre for Guillaume is a "commentary on reality." His theories resemble the guerrilla theatre concepts now proliferating in America. He makes theatre on street corners and inside his cell group. He draws attention to the problem of film and reality. After Godard interviews him, he says, "You think I'm showing off before the camera." He turns away and we see the camera and the tape recording of his performance. Is reality broken or is this documented scene an illustration of his idea about a greater comment on reality?

The painter considers art from still another view. "Art does not reproduce the visible. It makes visible." His slogans are painted all over the apartment in bold colors. "We must confront vague ideas with clear images"; "A Minority with the correct revolutionary line is

strained and magnanimous. A revolution is an insurrection, insurrection, an act of violence by which one class overthrows another." The screen quickly flashes a truncated still picture of Alice in Wonderland followed by a Chinese Socialist poster.

It is Veronique's tenaciousness which causes the excommunication of Henri, the most scientific one of the cell. He argued against terrorism and refused self-criticism. The group called him a revisionist. He left to join the French Communist Party or move to East Germany.

After his expulsion, He reexamined the problem of cell. He tells the story about the ancient Egyptians who believed that their language was inherited from God, anyone, by virtue of being Egyptian, would naturally. To test this idea the tians place very young b. s



no longer a minority"; and "Socialist Art died at Brest-Litovsk." He is haunted by death wishes and finds a rationalization for his wish when he realizes that if Marxism-Leninism exists, then all is permitted, "therefore I can kill myself." He commits suicide and aids a specific policy action.

Veronique is the most interesting of the group. She is the student intellectual. Her youth (19 years, 8 months, 14 hours, 20 minutes, and 2 seconds") is grace and beauty, naivete combined with serious intellectual curiosity, adolescent ruthlessness and innocence. Her toughness is informed by a deeply felt emotional and poetic caring. She describes Nanterre, the industrial slum area where her school is located: each day she rode on the bus with Algerian workers; she went to school, they went to work; she was a banker's daughter, they were poor; yet when they got off at the bus stop with the workers the same rain fell on them alike. She coolly and cogently objectifies the experience. It is necessary to return to the pure theory of Marx and Lenin because of the gap between agriculture and industry. She quotes Mao, "A revolution is not a dinner party, or writing an essay, or painting a picture, or doing embroidery; it cannot be so refined, so leisurely and gentle, so temperate, kind, courteous, re-

in a cabin to grow up without adults speaking to them. They were unaware that the cabin bordered a sheep fold. When the children were older and the adults went to greet them, they found them bleating like sheep. Henri compared the cell group with the bleating children. A rock 'n roll song in the film punctuates this point of view:

"It's the 'Little Red Book' Which makes everything work Mao Mao. . . ."

But Henri's perspective was singular. Godard's viewpoint is more complicated. The dominant music of the film is contemporary Stockhausen frequently contrasted with baroque. Godard creates an historical and aesthetic perspective for his film.

The most important scene for interpreting the politics of the film is a dialogue between Veronique and a professor of hers. Francis Jeanson, who is noted for having supported an Algerian terrorist; he had been wanted by the police. She tells him she wishes to leave bombs in the university in order to abolish it. He questions her system. She hasn't one yet. She will create terror, destroy the university system, and work toward finding a new alternative at the same time. But he argues that she cannot innocently murder people in the name of revolution when there is no popular support behind her. There is a grave difference between her



ist or a political prophet or both? Did his film anticipate or help precipitate the student rebellion? Current events affect critical comment!

Godard feels that the most important and unexpected political change in the last twelve years is the opposition which has developed between the Chinese Communist Party and the Russian Communist Party. The film examines the ideas and lives of five young people who spend one summer attempting to understand the words and methods of Mao Tse-Tung in terms of their own lives. Mao says, "Whoever wants to know a thing has no way of doing so except by coming in contact with it, that is, by living (practicing) in its environments. If you want knowledge, you must take part in the practice of changing reality."

Each character, also works out a personal vision of reality. The most beautiful girl in the cell is Yvonne. She has come from the farm to the city via domestic work and prostitution. Her dialogue is interspersed with pastoral scenes. She represents the peasant class who believes in the leaders around her. When the group is asked where "correct ideas" come from she suggests "they drop from the sky." A good Maoist knows better, but she has much to learn. Her touchstones with Maoist philosophy are earthy and concrete. She is shown polishing shoes and serving coffee. In the actor's plays she acts out the suffering North Vietnamese peasant woman, the victim exploited by the imperialist countries.

The actor shows the new

INOISELACHINOISE



IEW BY SUZANNE FIELD A REVIEW BY SUZANNE FIELDS A REVIEW BY SUZANNE FIELDS A REVIEW BY SUZANNE FIELDS A REVIEW

revolution and the popular demand for independence in Algeria. She says he is no longer a student and does not know her generation.

Veronique goes on to kill a Soviet dignitary who is to attend a dedication of a new building at the Nanterre Sorbonne. She kills the wrong person first. She bravely goes back and kills her intended victim. The "puppet" dignitary is dead along with a man who was not a puppet, but whose existence she never needed to consider. She could have turned to any number in the Red Book quotations to justify her actions, but Veronique's life terrifyingly exhibits the words of Mao: "New things always have to experience difficulties and setbacks as they grow. It is sheer fantasy to imagine that the cause of socialism is all plain sailing and easy success, without difficulties and setbacks of the exertion of tremendous efforts."

The difference between Veronique and her professor is one of methodology. Godard creates sympathy for the cautious counsel of the professor, revolution with support. Veronique, on the other hand, apparently knows her generation and the general dissatisfaction with the system. Her approach

is similar to that of Daniel Cohn-Bendit, the student leader who led the recent Nanterre revolt. In an interview he emphasized the importance of beginning change in the university with an action which could unify sympathizers. "once an action has been set into motion and people are following along, then many people suddenly become involved who had not formerly been involved because they were sick and tired of listening to endless debates in the faction. Action itself, insofar as it allows us to move beyond petty disagreements is the means to mobilize and to bring about further action." The modern French Revolution began the day the students protested the university structure at Nanterre.

Pauline Kael once wrote that Godard's power and limitation as an artist was contained in his attitude toward the young. "His characters don't plan or worry about careers or responsibilities; they just live. Youth makes them natural aristocrats in their indifference to sustenance, security, hard work." Yet they do so much so easily, too easily. Certainly in this film the students are concerned with the future, but they really are indifferent to the realities of

planning, and for the summer they live with ease, rather like aristocrats of moral rightness condescending to the rest of the world.

But the director's concern with problems of art and reality reach out into life itself. The students are defined against a structure which points to their isolation from society and the university at large. However, the ideas Godard examines are the ones which created the May student strike; and although France overwhelmingly brought back de Gaulle to office, he is aware that the educational system in France must be rethought. The students threaten more strikes in the fall. The political life of France comments on the film, but the art has already documented the action.

It is tempting to like this film because of its intellectual content. It is also tempting to hate the film for the same reason. It swings between the poles of naturalism and romanticism with cinematic expertise. But these polarities are also contained in Mao Tse-tung's appeal. Recently Eric Fromm described the logic and boldness of Maoism, at the same time he noted that it was grounded in "despair, mixed with a good deal of romanti-

cism, phraseology, and adventurism." Godard captures all of these qualities in *La Chinoise*. His didacticism could be heavy if it weren't so aesthetically structured.

Godard has written that "the cinema is not an art which films life: the cinema is something between art and life. Unlike painting and literature, the cinema both gives to life and takes away from it, and I try to render this concept in my films." The summer ends, the group leaves the apartment. The movie was finished when Godard stood up at the Cannes festival and asked for a vote of support for the student strike. It is appropriate to explain this experience by considering his own words written at another time. "Beauty and truth have two poles: documentary and fiction, you can start with either one. My starting point is documentary to which I try to give the truth of fiction."

Mao says, "What we demand is the unity of politics and art, the unity of content and form, and the highest possible perfection of artistic form." Godard makes his own interpretation of the "Little Red Book."

JOURNAL CONT.

continued from page 11

Dan Xuan Ding, Vice-head of the University, introduced us to the place, speaking quietly from a prepared text.

Before he began his speech, he said quite matter-of-factly, "First, my dear American friends, I have to say something about the American bombings." And here I expected a short political polemic. "If there is an alert, please follow us to the shelters. We have a large system of trenches. Please keep quiet while you march."

The school has 2,000 students in three areas: geology, geological research, and mining development. The enrollment has increased 40% since the establishment of the university in its present location in August, 1966. 87% of the students receive full scholarships. Students are placed in classes according to ability, as judged by their general education teachers. Students are required to do practical work during the last two years, and present a thesis at the end of their degree to be judged by a committee of ten outside experts. The school has already graduated two classes. Each month, the students in each of the fifteen faculties meet to discuss their courses. There is a student magazine.

The students range in age from 17-35, the youngest having come from the general education schools and the older coming from factories or the villages. Practically all the students come from working class backgrounds. Each student lives with a peasant family in the area, and shares in the peasant's harvest work. The students say they regard their peasant hosts as second families; because of the war and prohibitive distances, the students seldom see their own parents. The students have built most of their own classrooms from bamboo, straw and mud--

over 1,000 square meters last year alone-- and they show enormous pride in their achievement. They claim, for example, that the buildings are cooler and more solid than concrete structures. Students are required to help their peasant neighbors two weeks full-time the first year, four weeks the next year, etc.

The students put a variety show on for us in one of their 100 man amphitheatres, lighted by three kerosene lamps. I gave a short speech which they seemed to enjoy immensely, and found myself giving out with a polemic that would have made me blush a week before. Their show was very amateur, on an improvised stage, but it was very moving anyway. They kept singing European songs to please us-- one young boy gave out with a heart-wrenching Vietnamese version of Santa Lucia; and a group of girls swayed back and forth while singing a song called, The More We Love Our Country, the More We Love our Geologists"-- which just shows how far propaganda can go. A young girl hammered out some Chopin on an absolutely unyielding, tuneless piano, but you could tell she might even be good on a good instrument.

It was a very moving experience, that evening. I don't think I'll ever be able to forget walking tiptoe, hand in hand with the Vietnamese across narrow paths between rice paddies to another building in the school, watching small kerosene lanterns bobbing slowly in the distance, a few paddies away, and hearing the faint sounds of laughing and a few notes of a song somewhere off in the darkness.

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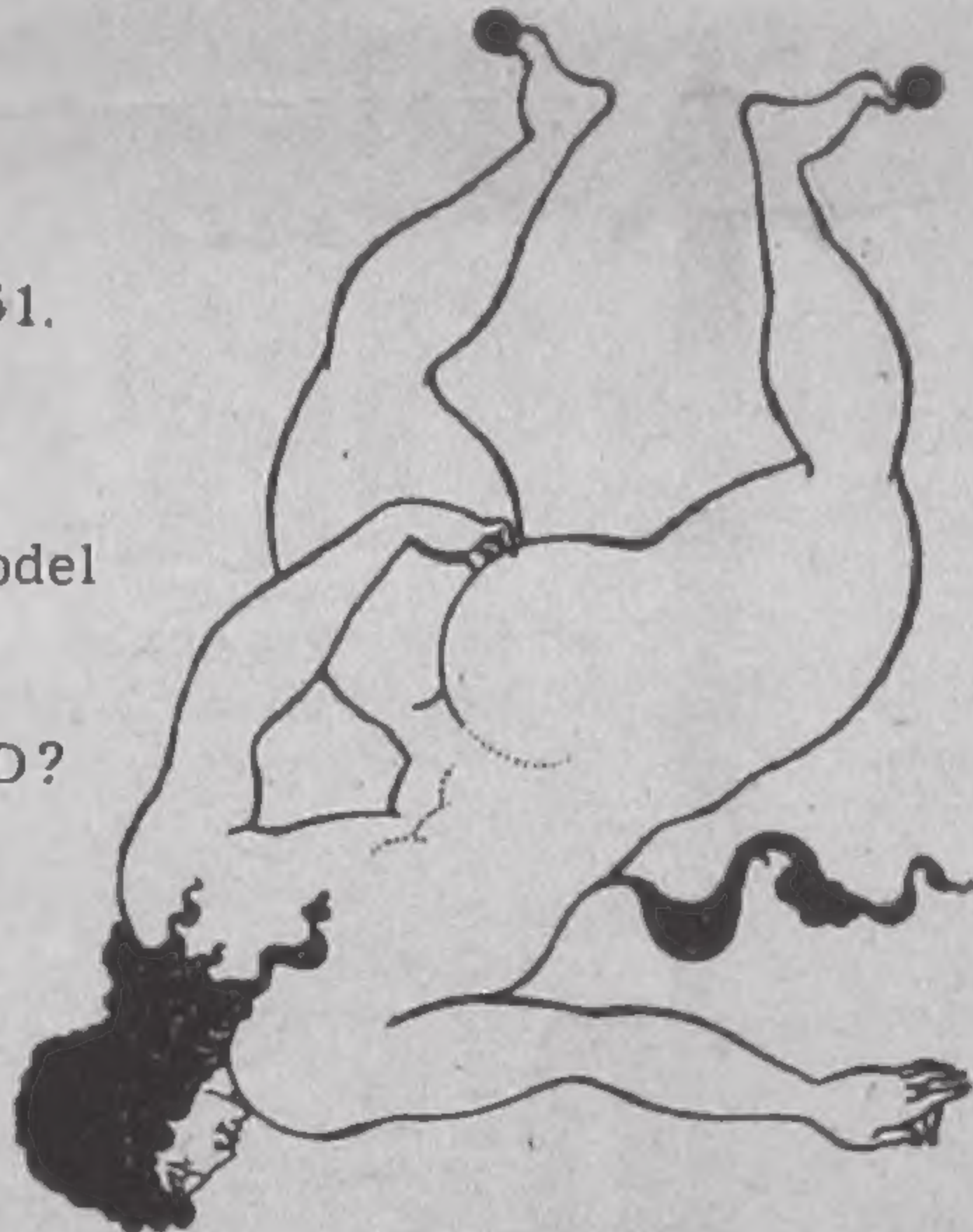
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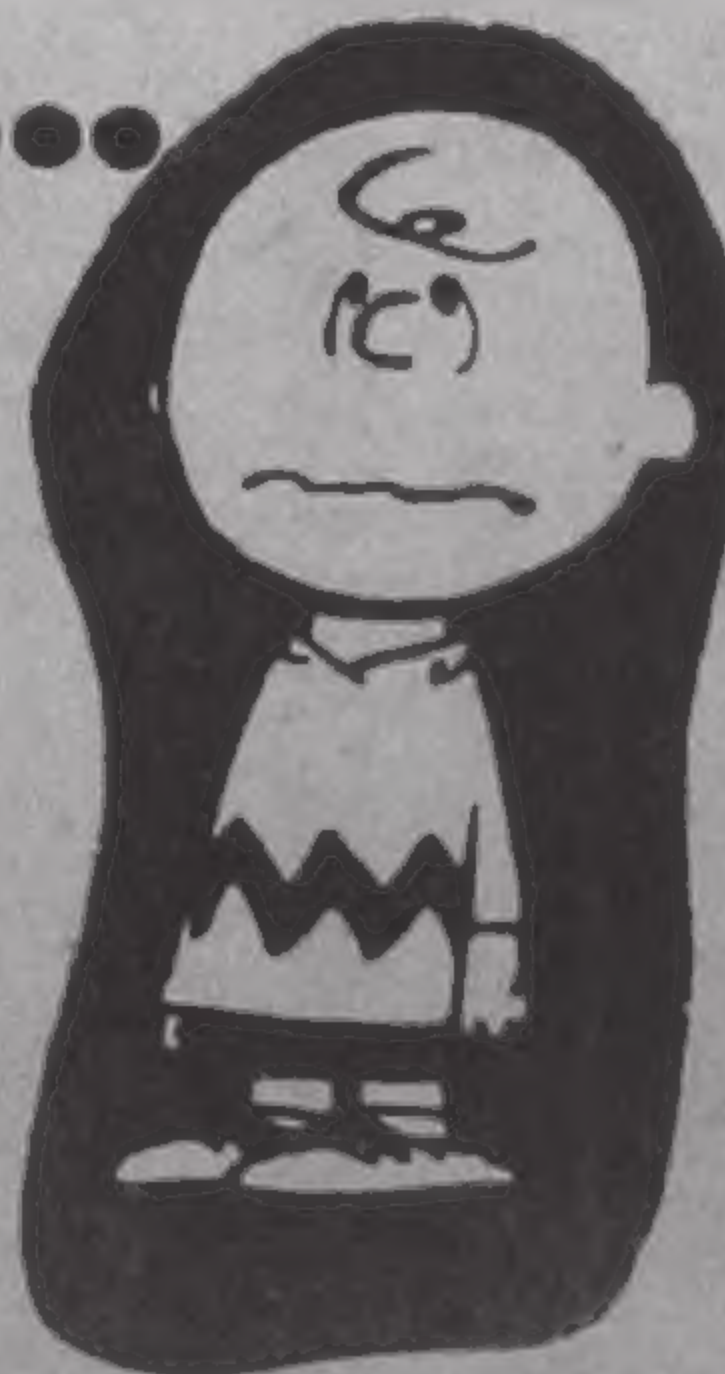
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WHERE TO GO

FRIDAY - JULY 19

FILMS at the Smithsonian in the Museum of History and Technology Auditorium. Free. 12 noon.

PUPPET THEATRE -- Admission 50¢. Info. call 381-5407.

MOVIES on the Mall. Call 737-8811 for program.

COIN SHOW -- Sheraton Park Hotel, July 19-21. Call Sheraton for info.

WASHINGTON NATIONAL SYMPHONY at Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. 8:30. For info, on tickets call NA 8-7332.

THE MYSTERIES through Modernity, National Cathedral steps, Wisconsin and Mass. Ave., 8. Themes and scenes from old morality plays with similar ones from the works of Oscar Wilde and Eugene O'Neill.

SATURDAY - JULY 20

PUPPET THEATRE -- See July 19.

U. S. YOUTH GAMES -- Coolidge High School Stadium, 5th and Tuckerman St., N.W., 10:00 a.m. Info call 234-2050.

CONCERT -- North Virginia Music Center Symphony Orchestra, Wash. Plaza, Lake Anne Village, Reston, Va. 8:00 p.m. Free.

FOLK MUSIC -- The First Lancaster Folk Music Festival, Long Park Amphitheater, Lancaster, Penn. All day long. Free.

MYSTERIES through Modernity -- See July 19 listing.

SUNDAY - JULY 21

PUPPET THEATRE -- See July 19.

TRANSCONTINENTAL MERCY FLIGHT and Washington Power and Light Company. Concordia Church, 20th and G. Donations accepted. 8:30 p.m.

CONCERT -- Washington National Symphony Orchestra. Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. 7 p.m. Ticket info. call NA 8-7332.

MARYLAND UNIVERSITY ART EXHIBIT. Susan Tessem showing

DANCE CONCERT -- Guy Mason Recreation Center, Calvert and Wisconsin Ave. 9:00 p.m. Free.

FILM LECTURE -- "Art of Today: 'Op'". National Gallery of Art, Lecture Hall, 4:00 p.m. Free.

U.S. YOUTH GAMES -- See July 20.

MONDAY - JULY 22

OPEN AIR CONCERT. Free. 7:30-8:30 p.m. 381-5157 for info.

CHAMBER MUSIC -- University of Maryland Woodwind Quintet. South Side, National Cathedral. 8 p.m. Free.

ART EXHIBIT through July 26. Works of the summer class of the Corcoran School of Art. Classes in drawing and ceramics will be working outside on Wed., July 24, 17th St. and New York Ave. Free.

PRO BASKETBALL instructions for boys. Banneker School, Georgia Avenue and Euclid Street, N.W., 7-9 p.m. Free.

FILMS -- Laurel: 507 7th Street. Meeting room, 7 p.m. Info. -- 776-6790. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Dracula."

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS -- Mustard Seed, 22nd and P St., N.W. 8:00 p.m. Free. Info. call 638-6377.

TUESDAY - JULY 23

SUMMER REPERTORY Reading Series, William Bennett, Conducting. Roosevelt High School, 13th and Allison St., N.W. 8:00 p.m. Free.

U. S. YOUTH GAMES -- See July 20.

LECTURE -- "Hypnosis -- Past, Present, Future," by Lt. Col. Joseph H. Ziglinski, A.V.S. Ret. Author of "Military Aspects of Hypnosis" and "Hypnosis and Lie Detection." Potters House, 1658 Columbia Road N.W. 8:30 p.m. \$1.00 includes coffee.

WRITERS WORKSHOP -- Techniques of Creative Writing, sponsored by the Back Alley Theatre. St. Stephens Church, 16th and Newton Sts., N.W. 10-11 a.m. Free.

For info, call 332-5942.

PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY is having an open meeting at Kay Spiritual Life Center at American University. 8 p.m.

FILMS -- 6530 Adelphi Rd. "Dracula" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." 7:30 p.m., Meeting Room.

FILMS -- 5450 Oxon Hill Rd. "Kon-Tiki." 7:30 p.m., Meeting Room. Info. call 248-3900.

CHILDREN'S THEATER-- P St. Beach. 2 p.m.

WEDNESDAY - JULY 24

PEACE VIGIL every Wednesday, noon to 1 p.m. at 11th and F Sts., N.W. Call 234-2111 for further info.

SQUARE DANCING, open, intermediate level, every Wednesday at Luther Place Memorial Church, 1226 Vermont Ave., N.W., 8:30 p.m.; come with or without a partner, American Youth Hostels.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND -- Cinematheque. 35¢. Info. call 454-4321.

AN EXHIBITION OF PHOTOGRAPHY. Through August 31. Call 454-4321.

CONCERT -- Festival of Indian Dance. Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. 8:30 p.m. Ticket info. NA 8-7332.

ARM CHAIR TRAVEL CLUB -- "Hong Kong and Taiwan," "New York -- A State of Discovery." Dupont Theatre, 10:00 a.m. Free.

WASHINGTON SUMMER SYMPHONY -- Salute to Irving Berlin. Watergate Bandshell near the Lincoln Memorial, 8:30 p.m. Free.

U. S. YOUTH GAMES -- See July 20 listing.

FILMS -- Meeting Room, 507 7th St., Laurel, Md. "Grand Canyon," "Enduring Wilderness." 7 p.m.

FILMS -- "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Dracula." 5450 Oxon Hill Rd., Meeting Room. 7:30 p.m. Info. call 248-3900.

CONCERT -- P St. Beach, 5:30 p.m.

ANNUAL WILD PONY ROUND-UP, Chincoteague, Va. Wild ponies are rounded up on Assateague Island and driven into the sea to swim to mainland Chincoteague. Pony rides, shows, stunts. Info. 301-666-7638.

PUPPET SHOW -- P St. Beach, 11 a.m.

THURSDAY - JULY 25

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND -- Dance program. Info. 454-4321. Free.

U. S. YOUTH GAMES -- Final competition. See July 20 listing.

FILMS -- Christmas in July: "Christmas in Sweden," "Christmas Customs Far and Near," "Christmas Cracker." 7:30 p.m. Magruder Book Center, 4330 Farragut St., Hyattsville, Md. AP 7-3432.

CHINCOTEAGUE PONIES to be auctioned at Chincoteague. Pony rides, shows, stunts. See July 24 listing.

POTTERY SHOW -- P St. Beach, 11 a.m.

FRIDAY - JULY 26

COFFEEHOUSE, The Iguana, at Luther Place Church, 14th and N Sts., N.W. 9 p.m. - 1 a.m.

CONCERT -- National Symphony Orchestra, Merriweather Post Pavilion. Columbia, Md. Info. NA 8-7332.

OXON HILL LIBRARY -- Display on "A Summer Travel Guide to American Negro History." 5450 Oxon Hill Road.

CHINCOTEAGUE PONIES are driven back to Assateague. See July 25 listing.

B'NAI B'RITH, Klutznick Hall, 1640 Rhode Island Ave., N.W. 1-5 p.m. Warsaw Uprising; 150 photos document the 42-day ghetto uprising.

ARTMOBILE -- P St. Beach, 10:30 a.m.

FOLK CONCERT -- P St. Beach, 22nd and P Sts., N.W., 5:30 p.m. Featuring Joe Latham from the Alexandria Folk-Lore Center.

SATURDAY - JULY 27

COFFEEHOUSE, The Iguana, at Luther Place Church, 14th and N Sts., N.W. 9 p.m. to midnight.

FOLK DANCING -- Petworth Memorial Church, Grant Circle, 8:30 - 12 p.m. 75¢.

CRICKET -- British Commonwealth Cricket Club. Polo Fields, West Potomac Park. 2 p.m. Free.

ANTIQUE AND MUSIC FESTIVAL 6016 Allentown Rd., Camp Spring, Md. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. Info. 449-5372.

PAINTINGS by Mr. James Kenneth. July 1-31. 6530 Hyattsville Rd.

COFFEE HOUSE, All Soul Unitarian Church, 15 and Harvard, N.W. 8 p.m. Admission 25¢.

DANCE -- P St. Beach. 5:30 p.m. Rock band.

COFFEEHOUSE, Sacred Heart Church, 1 mi. east of the Bel Air Shopping Center on Rt. 450 in Bowie, Md. Hours 7:30 to 11:30. Admission: Students - 35¢; Adults - \$1.00. Featuring Joe Latham and Liz Meyer.

DANCE -- P St. Beach. 5:30 p.m. Rock band.

SUNDAY - JULY 28

CONCERT -- National Symphony Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. 7:00 p.m. Ticket info. NA 8-7332.

FILM LECTURE -- "Art of Today: Abstract Expressionism" by John Hand, National Gallery of Art, Lecture Hall, 4:00 p.m.

FREE CONCERT sponsored by the Prince Georges Recreation Department; Fox Hill Park, Bowie, Md., 7:30 p.m., and Greenbelt, Md., 7:30 p.m.

CIVIL WAR TOURS of Washington. 2 p.m. at Judiciary Square, D Street between 4th and 5th.

MOVIE -- P St. Beach. 8:30 p.m.

MONDAY - JULY 29

BALLET -- Washington School of Ballet; Cathedral Summer Festival, Pilgrim Steps, South Side National Cathedral. July 29 thru August 2. 8:00 p.m. Free.

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS at the Mustard Seed, 22nd and P St. Free. 8:00 p.m. Info. 638-6377

PRO BASKETBALL instructions for boys. Happy Hollow Park, 18th and Kalorama Rd., N.W. 7-9 p.m. Free.

FILMS -- "Son of the Sheik," "The General." 507 7th St., Laurel, Md. Info 776-67790.

THE FOUR TOPS at Shady Grove Music Fair. 948-3400

PUPPET SHOW -- P St. Beach. 11 a.m.

TUESDAY - JULY 30

DANCE CONCERT -- University of Maryland. 8:30 p.m.

SUMMER REPERTORY READING Series, William Bennett, Conducting. Washington Civic Symphony Association in cooperation with the D. C. Recreation Department. Roosevelt High School, 13th and Allison St., N.W. 8:00 p.m. Free.

LECTURE -- "We Help Ourselves," by David Eaton, Freedomfighter and Director of Opportunity Industrialization. Potters House, 1658 Columbia Rd., N.W. 8:30 p.m. \$1.00 includes coffee.

FILMS -- 6530 Adelphi Rd. "Son of the Sheik" and "The General." Meeting Room, 7:30 p.m. Info. 779-9330.

FILMS -- "An American in Orbit," "Four Days of Gemini Four," "Gemini XI -- A Quick Look," "Research Project X-15." 5450 Oxon Hill Road, Meeting Room. Info. 248-3900.

WEDNESDAY -- JULY 31

PEACE VIGIL -- See July 24 listing.

SQUARE DANCING -- See July 24 listing.

UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND -- Cinematheque. "Umbrellas of Cherbourg." Admission 35¢. Info. 454-4321.

EXPERIMENTAL FILMS -- University of Maryland. 454-4321. FILMS -- "Son of the Sheik," "The General." Meeting Room, 5450 Oxon Hill Road. 7:30 p.m. Info. 248-3900.

FILM PROGRAM -- "Rubber from Oil" and "The World in Your Kitchen." Institute of Lefetime Learning, Dupont Theatre. 10:00 a.m. Free.

BALLET -- See July 31 listing. SYLVAN THEATRE, Wash Monument Grounds, "Romeo and Juliet." 8:30 p.m. Free. BALLET -- New York City Ballet, National Symphony Orchestra. Merriweather Post Pavilion, Columbia, Md. July 31-August 4; 8:30 p.m.; 7:00 p.m. on Sundays. Info. NA 8-7332.

WASHINGTON SUMMER SYMPHONY. Viennese Night. Watergate bandshell near the Lincoln Memorial. 8:30 p.m. Free. DISCUSSION-COFFEEHOUSE. Potters Coffeehouse, 1658 Columbia Rd., N.W. 8:30 p.m. \$1.00 includes coffee.

GENERAL INFORMATION -- New hours of the Mustard Seed are 5:00 to 9:00 p.m. FILMS -- 507 7th St., Laurel, Md. "Liquid Jazz," "Occurrence at Owl Creek Bridge." 7 p.m. Info. 776-6790.

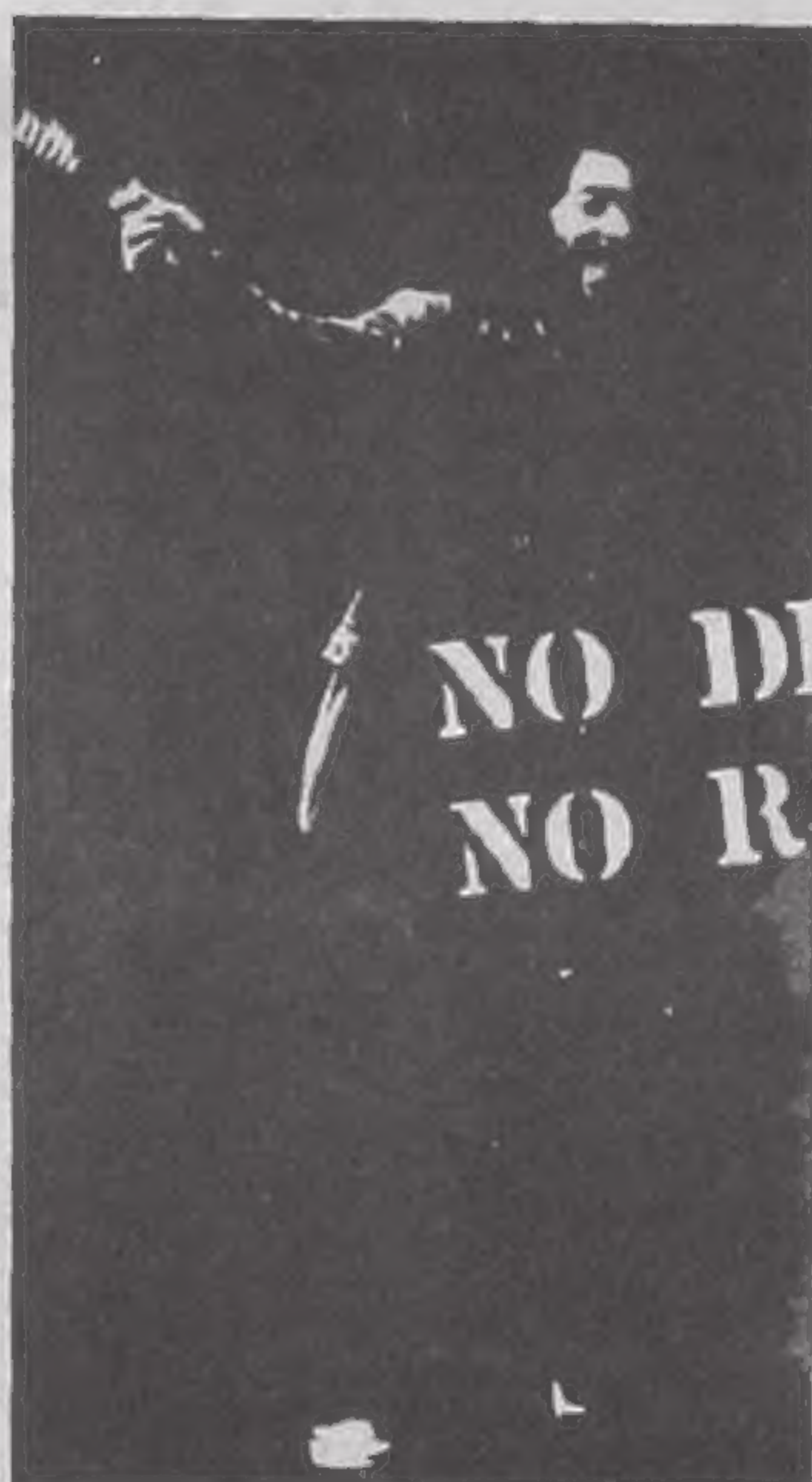
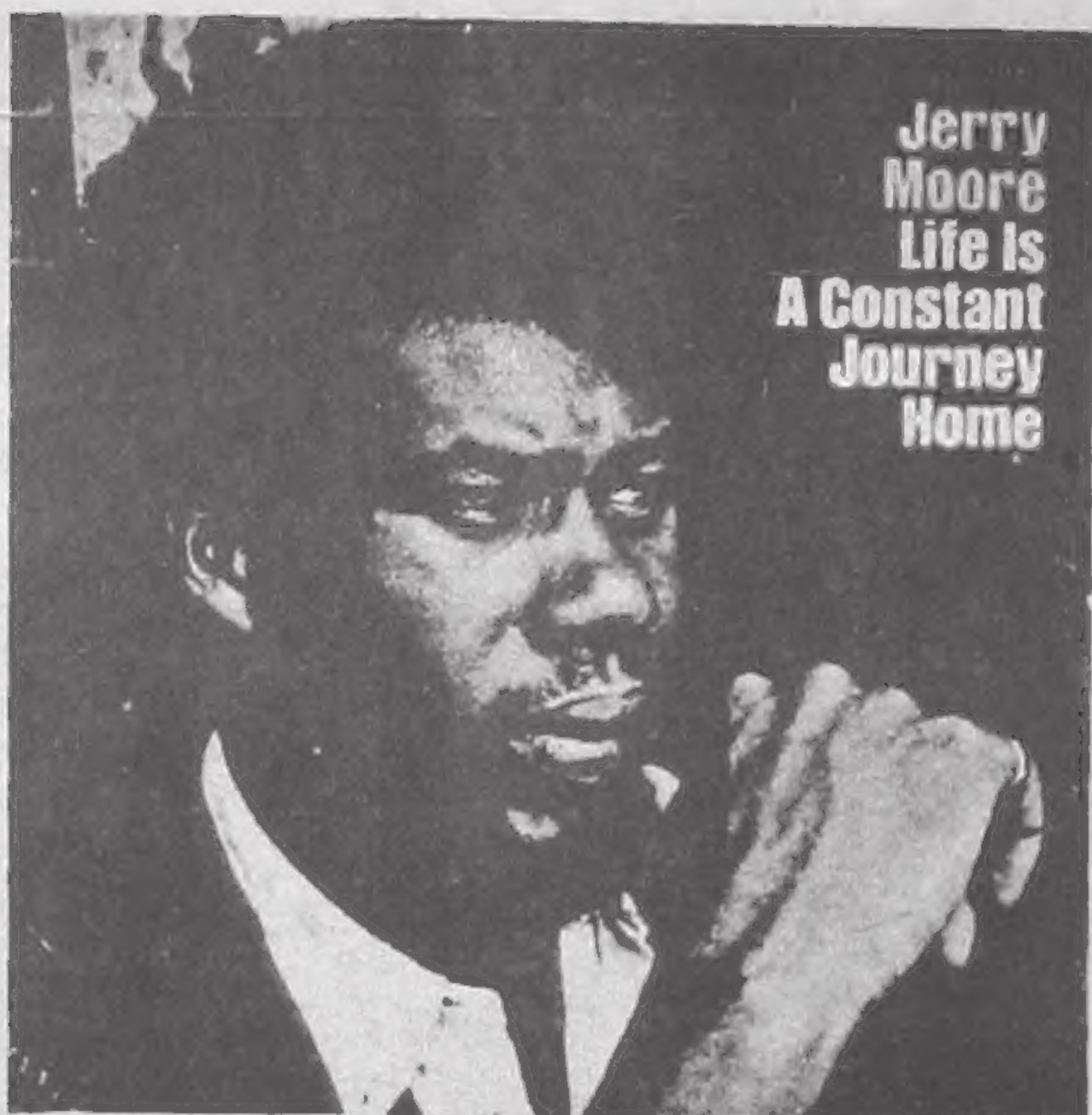
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